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The Week

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE, yet it is apparently true that the Great War has taught the world nothing. Germany struggled for decades to secure control of all Europe, oblivious to the fact that the world could not permit such a thing and would fight to the death to prevent it. Today France seeks the same object in the same way, undeterred by the object lesson of the ruined empire across the Rhine. The race in armament was a powerful contributing factor in the calamity of 1914; and the armament race is again in progress, transferred now from the obsolete battleship to the one most important weapon of the future, the airplane. France, with 1,400 craft in her aerial navy, spends 211,000,000 francs a year in adding to an equipment for which there is no remotest need except in a possible war against England. England, despite her million and a quarter unemployed, feels she is forced to build 1,100 planes of her own which could only be of use in a war against France; and proposes a huge naval base at Singapore which is a direct threat to her ally, Japan. With changed partners the quadrille of death goes on as though ten million men had not given their lives within the past nine years to prove that the system is unworkable and leads only and inevitably to ruin.

AS WE GO TO PRESS, unofficial forecasts of the French reply to Lord Curzon, delivered verbally by Count de Saint Aulaire, predict it will repeat the old terms: Germany must abandon passive resistance and even then France must have 26,000,000,000 gold marks, plus whatever additional amount Great Britain and the United States may demand in payment of the French debts. Should Germany in some unexplained way be able to meet these conditions, the "civil" occupation of the Ruhr will still be maintained, to be progressively withdrawn as installments are paid. The plea of Pope Pius that Germany's solemn promise to pay should be followed by immediate evacuation of the Ruhr is scornfully rejected by the French Chamber, which claims its stand is justified by Cuno's declaration that Germany will not put an end to passive resistance until she sees some evidence that she will gain by doing so. The French morale is also aided by the killing of ten Belgians by a bomb.

THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE, the forthcoming meeting of the Council of the League of Nations, the conference of the British Labor party and the international developments arising from the American prohibition policy are the other outstanding incidents of the week's foreign news. The League Council will discuss the administration of the Saar, and Lord Robert Cecil is expected to utter some unpleasant truths to which additional weight will attach because of his present position in the British Cabinet. At Lausanne, the United States and the European allies are at loggerheads over the Turkish concessions. France, not unnaturally, wishes the Angora government to confirm pre-war grants; while the United States, with the Chester concessions as its chief object of solicitude, thinks the present government should not be held responsible for the actions of its predeces-

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sor—an interesting variation from our attitude towards the Soviet government of Russia. The British Labor party is not yet willing to vote for the abandonment of the monarchy; but shows its practicality in other matters by proposing a capital levy on fortunes of $25,000 and more. Lord Curzon, as might have been expected, has announced his government's refusal to adhere to the American "twelve mile" proposal.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR, reverberations of the liquor issue and impending labor troubles are the chief items in the budget of the week's domestic news. The President, having killed the World Court proposal with his St. Louis speech, continues to plead for the corpse as he goes further west. He suggests vaguely that the government might aid cooperative buying by associations of consumers; but has thus far remained silent on the suggestion of the American Farm Bureau Federation that the Federal Treasury help the wheat growers to withhold 200,000,000 bushels of their product from the market. Mr. Harding's defence of his labor policy has drawn a sharp retort from Samuel Gompers, indicating that no love will be lost between the A. F. of L. and the Republican party in the next election. Anthracite miners want a 20 percent increase in wages, and similar demands by the railroad brotherhoods are foreshadowed because of the increases granted to the maintenance of way and shop men. Attorney General Daugherty is responsible for the extraordinary charge that labor trouble in the coal fields is the result of collusion between operators and miners in order to excuse increased prices to the public.

AS WASHINGTON DISCUSSES seriously a special session of Congress because of the problem of liquor on foreign ships, Rear Admiral Fiske observes that our attitude may be pushing us into war. The Anti-Saloon League will raise $2,500,000 to help keep the country dry. Secretary Weeks refuses to allow the army to aid prohibition enforcement. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania promises that all men appointed to state positions must agree to respect the Eighteenth Amendment. While our prohibition policy continues to create animosity abroad, Edward W. Bok, former editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, announces a prize of $100,000 for a "practicable" plan by which America can cooperate in keeping peace throughout the world. Two perennial quarrels are again in the week's news: the Railroad Labor Board has once more rebuked the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Fundamentalists in the churches are shocked at the report that Darwinism is being taught in the Eastern High School, Baltimore. There is also a suspicion that in some of the foreign missions the heathen are being taught unduly liberal doctrines.

GENERAL GOURAUD is a brave man and a gallant one. His military record would entitle him to be received with the highest honor by the American people even if no Americans had fought under him. But thousands of Americans fought victoriously under his command, and their enthusiasm for him knows no limits. He will receive an American welcome, a welcome without trace of insincerity or policy. And his personal response will be equally direct and sincere.

BUT GENERAL GOURAUD'S mission to this country is not purely personal. Like the other distinguished Frenchmen who have visited America since the war, he comes with a political purpose, to keep alive the political friendship between the two nations which was cemented by the common enterprise of victorious war. It is not for sentimental reasons that the French statesmen endeavor to keep American friendship warm, but for extremely practical ones. Their Ruhr exploits smell to Heaven, but not as yet across the Atlantic. Perhaps the prevailing winds account for the comparative freshness of our air. Morally, France is isolated on her side of the ocean. Only her subsidized satellites regard her policy as anything but a black disgrace. Therefore she has to cultivate America, unless she is willing to stand alone in the world.

WE WONDER HOW a visiting French dignitary feels when he reflects that the immense enthusiasm that greets him in America is based upon our prevailing ignorance. There is no people in the world more firmly convinced of the binding effect of law. We do not as a people yet realize that there is no legal warrant under the Treaty for the invasion of the Ruhr. The French will not let the League of Nations discuss the Ruhr adventure, nor will they submit it to any court or body of arbitrators, because they have no case except superior military power. There is no people that has a greater abhorrence of war, yet the whole French policy is war, and the most execrable sort of war, levied by the greatest military power in Europe against an unarmed population. There is no people more honestly humanitarian than the American; it simply does not yet know of the deportation of tens of thousands of workingmen for no legal offence, of the dumping of trainloads and boatloads of women and children into unoccupied Germany, of the starvation and despair of a whole population that result from French policy. In our childlike innocence we let the French put any face on the matter they please. But we learn the truth in the end, even if we are somewhat slow. And the painfully wrought structure of Franco-American friendship is doomed to collapse, unless the French soon mend their policy.

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THE PAPAL LETTER which has caused so much indignation in France is itself a moderate document. It merely recognizes that there are Catholic Christians on both sides of the line, brothers in the faith, whose duty it is to try to live in peace. It condemns French policy only by implication, and only in so far as that policy is directed toward destruction. The suggestion that reparations should be gauged according to ability to pay would be wholly innocuous in French eyes if payment were what France really wants. The characterization of military occupation in general as "odious" is exact and judicious. It is odious, hateful. No people has ever endured alien military occupation with any other spirit than one of hatred. What is more, the military occupation of the Ruhr is intended to be odious. Its object is punitive and provocative. And we do not see how the Vatican could have remained silent without wholly abandoning its claim to spiritual leadership.

THERE IS NO GOOD REASON for blinking the fact that the decision of the British government to enlarge its air forces is technically directed against France, nor the fact that the existing overdevelopment of the French air forces is directed against England. At the time of the Washington Conference the submarine discussion exhibited a similar relation of technical hostility between the two countries. The French refused to accept a limitation upon submarine construction, because they needed submarines against England. So long as the war system remains in vigor military preparations will be based, not on sentimental attachments between peoples nor on "scraps of paper," but on the realistic facts of geographic situation and economic power. With Germany flat, France and England are placed directly face to face as competitors for the hegemony of western Europe. England is the chief potential obstacle to the realization of French designs, as France is the chief potential obstacle to the designs of the British. It is of vast importance to France to be in a position to starve the British and lay waste the centres of British population. And it is of equally vast importance to England to make such a position impossible.

HORRIBLE AS THE consequences of the race for armaments have proven, we do not see that England has any choice but to accept the French challenge. If it were the United States that set deliberately about securing command in the air, the British could afford to keep cool and let us spend our money. Our policy does not conflict with that of England at vital points. But French policy is in chronic opposition to British, on the Rhine, in the Levant, in North Africa. And the French are just as prone to throw their sword into the scales as the Germans were before their debacle. Their Ruhr policy shows that they are as impervious to the unarmed public opinion of mankind as the Prussians were. Militarism obviously knows no nationality. In the circumstances the British are compelled to follow the maxim of Cromwell: "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

THE INSTITUTE FOR PUBLIC SERVICE suggests a decided public disservice when it proposes a conference of the five thousand members of the boards of trustees of American universities. The Institute, which points out that these trustees control college property worth a billion dollars, believes that they are not taken seriously enough, and hopes that through a conference of some sort they might draw up a Magna Charta for themselves which would bring them to their proper high place in the esteem of the community. This seems to us a particularly painful brand of nonsense. Trustees in general exercise too much power, not too little. The fault is not that the community fails to recognize their rights, but that they often fail to recognize that all colleges are public institutions and that their affairs should be conducted on that basis.

THE AMHERST TRUSTEES, when they recently removed President Meiklejohn, took an action of the highest public importance, one profoundly affecting not only this institution but the cause of higher learning in general; yet so completely did they regard themselves as private directors of a private enterprise that they did not even take the trouble to tell the public in any sort of official statement or report what they had done, and why they felt it was necessary. Just how a college should be governed to secure a maximum degree of free expression of the human spirit while at the same time preserving an indispensable modicum of organization and efficiency is a grave and complicated problem; but certainly if boards of trustees are to justify their continuance it will only be through recognition that they are public servants.

THE PROFESSIONAL LIARS of Riga, who have been on vacation, are back on the job. They assure a credulous world that Dr. Tikhon died of poison in a Moscow prison after the Soviet government had tortured him into signing his recent declaration of loyalty to it. This torture, they tell us, was quite ingenious, including such an up-to-date device as a low voltage electric chair. Only a single shred of evidence opposes these careful reports from Riga. It is the testimony of Dr. Tikhon himself who was seen, alive and in good spirits, by an Associated Press correspondent at the Donskoy Monastery, twelve days after the Riga dispatches killed him. He denies that he was tortured; asserts he was well treated and given

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special food; and is in at least sufficiently good spirits to launch a vigorous assault upon the Living Church. The incident would be valuable if it taught the world anything about the validity of Riga as a news source; but it won't. The world has such a short memory that it might be described as no memory at all; and the next installment of stuff from the propaganda factory will be received just as seriously as all the previous ones have been.

NEW YORK CITY'S Board of Aldermen has laid itself open to the charge that it is more interested in lining the purses of a few real estate owners than in securing decent living conditions for the people of the city. New York has suffered a serious shortage of housing ever since the war—a shortage so grave that several years ago the state authorities passed a law permitting municipalities to exempt new residential building from taxation for a period of ten years. In New York the greatest pressure was necessary to persuade the Board of Aldermen to vote the necessary local ordinance. Its term having expired this spring, and the emergency being still serious despite an enormous quantity of building, a renewal of the local exemption was obviously required. The Board again displayed the greatest reluctance to act, and did so only when the clamor from the public could no longer be ignored.

THE ORDINANCE finally passed is, moreover, a makeshift which is of no use to anybody save the present profiteers whom it protects. It exempts one- and two-family houses as before; but apartment houses are included only to the extent of $15,000 each, which means so little in proportion to the cost of even the cheapest "walk-up" that it might as well have been no exemption at all. Whatever the theoretical virtues of the small detached house with its own garden, the available area in New York is too limited to make this type of dwelling feasible in the long run. Such a type of residence is also far beyond the means of most of those for whom relief is needed, either for purchase or rental. For them the multi-family house is the only solution, and it is in their faces that the door of hope has now been slammed by the Board of Aldermen.

THE SECOND WEEK'S balloting in the New Republic's Straw Vote for Liberals reveals no striking alteration from the preferences recorded during the first week. The proportion of the liberals who favor the League of Nations is somewhat increased, 591 voting to join, and 436 to stay out. More than half of those who favor our entrance, or 315, believe reservations are not necessary. On the other hand, 561 are less favorable to the League than in 1920 and only 324 are more so, this proportion being maintained throughout the country.

THE LIBERALS favor a third party by about 4 to 1, 786 voting Yes on this question and 210 No. La Follette continues to be first choice as head of a possible new ticket, while McAdoo leads as the potential candidate of one of the existing parties. This is the case throughout the country with two exceptions. In the Northwest and in the Southwest La Follette is at the head of both lists, though he leads McAdoo by only a few votes as the selection for one of the existing parties. Borah, in every section, is the second choice to lead a third party, and in the East is second as a candidate for an old party nomination. Ford is third among the advocates of a third party and fourth among those in favor of one of the existing organizations. It is interesting to note that except in the South La Follette is everywhere second or third choice for an existing party, as well as first on the list to head a third ticket.

THE SENTIMENT of the liberals continues overwhelmingly in favor of public ownership of mines and railroads. In the former case 880 favorable ballots have been recorded and only 162 in opposition. Eight hundred and twenty-seven want public ownership of railroads, and 215 do not. These results and those on the other items in the straw ballot, combine to give an extraordinarily interesting cross-section of the opinion of an important group of Americans who rarely, if ever, get a chance to put themselves on record as a unit, irrespective of party lines. For this reason we again urge upon our readers the importance of filling out the ballot immediately if they have not already done so; and of securing from our office additional ballots for those of their friends who should properly be included in a canvass of American liberals.

Mrs. Ashley's World

THE scene is the Friday Morning Club, Los Angeles, the time June 12, 1923, and the persons present, three hundred members of this, the most fashionable organization for women in Southern California. The speaker is Mrs. Chester Ashley, former member of the Board of Education, her subject the iniquities of the New Republic, which caused this lady to vote for its exclusion from the public school libraries of Los Angeles, and to continue to approve that action even now, some years later. Her argument, as reported in the Los Angeles press, is as follows:

> . . . I consider it my duty to speak plainly, without prejudice, I hope, as a mother of three children who have gone through our high schools, and yet not to be swayed by personal consideration. . . . Above all institutions, our schools should be free from the division of pupils into social classes. Yet these magazines [the New Republic and the Nation] would bring it about more quickly than any means I know. As my opponent

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[Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, who defended free speech and a free press at the same meeting] has said so scornfully, that we who oppose the admission of the magazines are trying to make "America safe for plutocracy" by this very statement a division into classes is made which the articles in these magazines constantly emphasize.

The New Republic . . . is full of abuse of those in power. Our boys and girls should be taught to respect the President of the United States whether it is a President Wilson, or a President Harding. As for our form of government, until we have something better to present to these young people, why abuse what we have, which I, for one, believe to be the best ever devised by human instruments.

Whether or not the New Republic shall circulate in the public school libraries of Los Angeles, is of course of little importance except to the children who are warned by this censorship that they must live in a sharply circumscribed world; but the point of view expressed in these remarks of Mrs. Ashley's is of the very highest significance and interest to every student of the social development of our country. It is the characteristic expression of the pioneer, and deserves comment as such, despite the fact that for all we know Mrs. Ashley may have been born and bred in Boston.

The essence of this point of view is that whatever is, is right; and that what we want is to be let alone. The American continent has been an incomparable storehouse of natural wealth; and for two generations those who by accident of birth and circumstance were nearest at hand have been busily engaged in looting this treasury. Many of them have in consequence prospered far beyond their "just deserts." Consciously or unconsciously they are aware of this and their greatest concern is that the state of affairs which has had such splendid results for them shall be maintained.

It is a common error to suppose that pioneer lands are the home of political innovations. On the contrary, it is the old, well-established communities which most drastically curb the individual for the sake of the common good. That is perhaps why the United States, youngest of the nations, lives today under the oldest Constitution of any of the great powers, and the one which permits the greatest range of selfishly individualistic activity.

In short, when there is more than enough of everything to go 'round, as has been the case during the first great rush to exploit America's natural riches, the normal attitude is to accept the existing order with complete complacence. In such a frame of mind a person may believe quite sincerely, as Mrs. Ashley does, that our citizenry will divide into classes if magazines are permitted to talk about such things; and will remain one glorious unclassified whole if only we can refrain from mentioning the subject. No sensible person, even in Los Angeles, can fail to be aware of the mental and spiritual limitations of President Harding—limitations which he, himself, is the first to admit. But after all Mrs. Ashley feels the civilization which put Warren Gamaliel Harding into the White House is the same civilization which put Los Angeles on the map of Southern California—the wonderful civilization which has brought into the big pleasant clubhouse of the Friday Morningites scores of silk- and voile-clad ladies who a few years ago were wearing rubber boots and cleaning out chicken houses on the farms of Iowa.

An era which can work such marvels as that very readily becomes a sacrosanct miracle of good luck which must not even be talked about above a whisper, lest it vanish with the rainbow and the hues of dawn. We object, says Mrs. Ashley, to a critical attitude on the part of such magazines as the New Republic "toward the government which has done so much for us." Exactly so; but never "for which *we* have done so much."

Yet unhappily for the American pioneers, their hand-blown bubble of good fortune cannot last forever. Already the signs accumulate that in its present form it is soon to break up. The looting of the continent is not an endless process. Within a single decade the last of the public land will be gone; a little longer, and the relation between aggregate population and aggregate natural resources in this country will not differ notably from that in most of Europe. No more will it be possible, when any community becomes congested, to drain off the surplus into the undeveloped West.

We are seeing the end of the time when the farmer could afford to sell his products below cost because he was compensated by the steadily increasing value of his land through the growth of the population all about him. The doctrine of "let us alone" has already shown itself inadequate in the coal fields of Pennsylvania and the textile towns of New England. Even the wheat farmers of Dakota are finding they must abandon laissez-faire in favor of a type of cooperation which Los Angeles feels sure is Bolshevism or worse. Mrs. Ashley's world has been one of the most pleasant and comfortable in all history; but already it has seen its best days.

Our Largest Labor Problem

A PHOTOGRAPH of Judge Gary seated in his office reveals a small sign bearing the legend, "It can be done." Rumor says that this sign may be illuminated by the touch of a switch. The great executive uses it as a means of dazzling subordinates into resolution.

Nothing, however, can be done which a big business executive does not want to do, or does not feel the necessity of doing. The abolition of the twelve-hour day, for instance, in the mills of the United States Steel Corporation. The introduction of collective bargaining with trade unions in

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this or dozens of other principalities of industry. The settlement of the railroad shopmen's strike on Mr. Loree's railroad, the Delaware and Hudson.

The case of Mr. Loree is a striking illustration. The Delaware and Hudson has been, until recently, a money-maker. Mr. Loree has the reputation of being an exceptionally clever railroad executive. His directors let him alone. The bankers, too, do homage to the Loree tradition, and it is said that they rely implicitly on his judgment. But Mr. Loree has a temperament, and one of the chief manifestations of that temperament is a belief in absolutism—absolutism with himself on the throne. It is feared that he would not accept responsibility on any other terms. Naturally, he is bitterly hostile to trade unions. He was a vociferous leader of the non-compromise executives in the shopmen's strike. He helped materially to organize the opposition which prevented the acceptance of the President's terms of settlement last August. On his own road he has steadfastly refused to ratify the Baltimore agreement, on which a majority of the roads have settled. The result would have meant bankruptcy to many a weaker company. For months the Delaware and Hudson's motive power has been in bad shape, for months the heavy expense of repair work with unskilled men has reduced the net income, in spite of the fact that the new force was not subject to the "union rules and restrictions" about which so much is said. Yet Mr. Loree goes on his way undisturbed by any opinions of the public, labor, government, stockholders or bondholders. He is ruled, not by expediency, but by principle as hard as granite—a principle derived from the independent integrity of his personality. He is an expert railroad man, and lives in the society and tradition of the big executives. Though he ruin his road, he cannot be interfered with.

Mr. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania is another case of the unruly administrator. He is less forthright than Mr. Loree, but his controversy with the Railroad Labor Board is by this time well known. As a Pennsylvania trainman recently remarked, "Atterbury still thinks he's in the army." And the financial damage to the road of which he is vice-president, though not so well known to the public, can be seen clearly from a careful study of its income and cost figures.

There are some big executives, like some emperors, who are ingenious, wise, calm, active, just and beneficent. But a big executive's potency for damage by sabotage or hostility to social discipline is as great as his eminence. It does not stop at his dealings with labor. His engineering and accounting subordinates know it well—those of them who have any broader point of view than exaggerated personal loyalty, which is the attitude they are usually encouraged to assume. Many a "big man" is a dominant personality, full of drive, capable of inspiring the "go-getters." But he is also vain, sensitive, and absurdly prejudiced. He is himself a prey to the worst type of bad morale. He complains of unfair treatment by the public, by politicians, by the government, by labor. He overcompensates. On every hand, he fights desperately and nervously against the slightest restriction. He must completely dominate his company and everyone in it, he must dominate his competitive field, he must dominate outside opinion, and the government must neither tax nor regulate him. The state of mind of many a big executive amounts to a persecution neurosis. It was not so long ago that a railroad president—one of the best—said that he would not advise his son to take up the railroad business because of the lack of sufficient rewards for men at the top. And some railroad presidents receive upward of $100,000 a year.

This state of mind prevents the development of industry to meet modern social needs. It prevents the consideration of large reforms except in a passion of fear or resentment. It gives comfort and support to the "open shop" propaganda and the rest of the illiberal tendencies of the day. That Judge Gary found a kindred spirit in Mussolini is no accident. When the National Coal Association condemned the Railroad Security Owners' car-pooling plan as "socialistic" it was expressing, not a real economic interest, but mental confusion boiling on the surface of emotional instability.

The self-made millionaire who develops his own business is a social problem, and so are his heirs. But neither seems so important now as the great executive who more and more is coming to direct others' property and others' lives. There is a superstition that the bankers, through their financial control, are really responsible for the policies current in industrial management. Few know how dependent they are on the executives they appoint. Some believe that the reports of the extraordinary abilities of great executives are nothing but myths. In a large sense this is not true; the men capable of forging their way to the top and carrying the burden of enormous industrial establishments are rare indeed; it is on account of their rarity that their idiosyncrasies are endured. But the community is paying an ever heavier price for their social failures. Though they are, or should be, our most important servants, they seem to be beyond the boundaries of management. When they become stupid or unruly, not their employees, their stockholders, the voters or even the bankers seem to be able to control them. The business world as at present organized is utterly dependent upon them, and yet effective personnel methods for handling them have not been devised.

Can it be that the wise government of great industries under private enterprise is too large a task for the human material available? Can it be that the doctrine of business autocracy, of centralized power and responsibility, is overgrown? Might we not be better off, if not under industrial

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democracy, at least under a series of constitutional or limited monarchies? And should we not be better advised if we looked for salvation less to a group of great men, and more to an ingenious development of the technique and practice of administration which would make of any large institution, under whatever ownership or control, a self-compensating unit, an organism less subject to the individual will?

The tradition of individualism is strong in America. Its foremost exponents are the men whose facilities for expressing themselves lead them to deny freedom of individual expression to their thousands of subordinates. The tradition is brave and romantic, and its identification with Americanism is not absurd. But there is something absurd about a method which, in a society necessarily cooperative, reserves individual freedom to a small group of managers, at the expense of all others' individualities. Especially when by doing so it piles upon the big men so many burdens that they give every sign of emotional strain and unhappiness. American individualism must not be lost, but if we are to keep it we must learn how to express it in cooperative terms.

When Diplomats Write Ads

ONCE more the diplomats are under fire. Senator Edge (New Jersey) has launched a new idea. Why not fill the embassies with men who have succeeded selling soaps and summer drinks? "The world is a good deal smaller than it used to be," said Mr. Edge to the serried ranks of ad men assembled in convention at Atlantic City. "Undoubtedly we would have a better understanding abroad if in some cases we substituted Advertising for Ambassadors."

It is an interesting suggestion. We sink our capital in diplomats, says Mr. Edge; why not realize something practical on the investment? "We should see to it that the millions of dollars spent on service should give 100 percent results."

The Ambassador to the Court of St. James arrives with his credentials. "Your Majesty, my government instructs me to express the hope for a continuation of that state of mutual trust which has marked our relations in the past. Children Cry For It. The English-speaking races have a natural interchange of common faith and confidence. Comes Out Like a Ribbon, Lies Flat on the Brush. No envy mars our mutual respect. The Flavor Lasts."

In Rome, the Ambassador of the United States drives down the Corso Umberto after conference with the magnetic Mussolini. In the Piazza Venezia the news men stop him. "Does Italy contemplate a change of policy in the Ruhr?"

"There is nothing I can say for publication at this moment," he replies. "The situation remains critical. The Kind Your Mother Used to Make. Ask Dad—*He* Knows. It's Toasted. Action of some sort must ultimately be taken. Eventually —Why Not Now? A definite policy would have been easier at the start. Now the situation bristles with grave difficulties. Too Late For Herpicide."

Meantime the Ambassador to France suggests we look with kinder eyes upon the dash into the Ruhr. Say It With Flowers. And across the world, at the other end of Asia, an Ambassador in Tokyo urges the Mikado to ignore the antics of our jingo press. Beware of a false focus in your picture of America. If It Isn't an Eastman, It Isn't a Kodak. We shall do the best we can about those oil wells, we tell Mexico. But after all, there is someone else to be consulted. Ask The Man Who Owns One.

It is a striking scheme, this plan of Mr. Edge's. And whether or not it proves practical, it suggests again that all is not right in Denmark —or in England, Italy, France, Japan, China, Uruguay, Bolivia and twenty other places, for that matter. The prestige of the diplomat is rather at low ebb.

And that is natural enough, so long as pictures of George Harvey fill the mind's eye, whenever diplomats are mentioned—and statesmen go on blundering their way through 1923 as if it still were 1921 or 1922. Mr. Edge is not the only one who's worried. Both inside Congress and outside of it there exists a pronounced doubt about the usefulness of a good many of our envoys overseas.

Two impressions have been gaining ground. First—somewhat forced on our attention, and not for the first time recently—is the suspicion that ambassadors are sometimes chosen for their posts not because they know the slightest thing about the country they are going to live with, but solely on a basis of their contributions to the G. O. P. or Democratic campaign chests.

Second, one of the souvenirs of home-coming tourists, there is an impression that the younger men abroad—the gay young blades who supply the major-domo with his entourage—are neither so obliging nor so democratic as they might be. The diplomatic corps, you sometimes hear it said, is an aggregation of young men of wealth with no real interest in their jobs—consecrated to the achievement of wizardry in the ball-room, and so thoroughly imbued with upper-crust opinion that they never know what any other class is thinking. Congress has frequently orated on this subject. Said the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, in the course of the last session: "The method of selection [of members of the diplomatic corps] is undemocratic and unworthy of the country."

There is something in this, certainly. Young diplomats are carefully hand-picked—and hand-picked by a somewhat frivolous set of standards. The State Department reserves the privilege of

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combing its list of candidates before they even try their hand at its examination. "No one may be examined," the Department says (see its bulletin, American Diplomatic Service) "who is not especially designated to take the examination." The theory is, that diplomats must possess a certain measure of that quality known as "social availability." They must know their way about in the topmost ring of high society without referring to a pocket Baedeker of manners, modes and morals. They must know how to propitiate the social lions, how to win the easy confidence of dowagers, how to break the ice at formal dinners without falling through the hole.

Moreover, the selective process tends to operate in favor of the socially elect for the reason that the job is poorly paid. It takes a personal income of some sort in order that the game be played. Young diplomats start out in life at a weekly salary of $48; the highest point they ever reach, just short of an Ambassador himself, is less than twice that sum. Not even that most lowly of all financial worms, the university professor, would feel safe with such a sum. Low pay has acted as a barrier against all but the rich, and those who can borrow from the rich.

All this has long since been discovered by most people who are not in Congress; but it is by no means the whole story. Mr. Will Rogers, who performs nightly with a lariat and a summary of world events in Ziegfeld's Follies, contributes one more suggestion:

"For a diplomatic position nowadays," he thinks, "we must pay more attention to how our public men 'screen' for the news films. We must not only get men with screen personality, but we must get men who know camera angles and know when they are getting the worst of it in a picture, and not be caught in the background during the taking of some big event. Europeans are far ahead of us in this line of Diplomacy, and if you don't watch them you are liable to be found photographed with the Mob instead of with the Principals."

There is more than a little pungency in that good-humored observation. Diplomacy, for all its prominence in the day's headlines, is substantially a matter of being photographed successfully. We are not thinking here of the hard-working serfs in what is called the "consular service"—whose business is to gather quantities of sometimes useful, sometimes useless facts—but of the "diplomats" themselves. They lay cornerstones, unveil monuments to illustrious Americans, outdo the French in praising France. There is the routine matter of delivering and accepting formal notes. For the rest? Sometimes an active servant of the public finds inaction too great a strain upon his nerves. When Charles B. Warren came back from Tokyo this year, the reporters asked him why he had quit his post. "Nothing to do," was his answer.

Probably what has happened, without enough people being interested to cause much of a commotion, is that diplomacy abroad has flattened out beneath the same impact toward centralization that has hit all other things political.

In the old days, when the diplomat was weeks and even months removed from his commanding officer, his position forced him to make decisions for himself. Situations were constantly arising in which he dared not wait for a square-rigger or the early rambling type of steamer to cross the Atlantic or Pacific twice. Nowadays, of course, a diplomat can call his capital by radio or cable—and have his answer (provided the capital has one to give him) in an hour. And since the capital itself has meanwhile been a thousand times as well equipped to talk with every section of its own hinterland as it used to be, the whole process has resulted in a great knob of power centring in a single spot. Diplomats abroad are luxuries. Capitals do their own negotiating for themselves. "I want no diplomats," Lloyd George is credited with having said to Prince Sixte of Bourbon. "Diplomats were invented simply to waste time."

Nor is that all. It isn't politics alone that has been "centralizing." Business has gone farther still. And Business has been poaching on what used to be political terrain. For instance: Mesopotamia has a crisis about oil. In the old days the diplomats might have fought it out around a green-topped table. Instead of that, today, Sir John Cadman of the Anglo-Persian comes to talk with Standard Oil. It is all over by the time that any government discovers what has happened. As for the diplomats in foreign countries—the diplomats who might one time have been the centre of the scene: they are fortunate indeed if someone in the State Department thinks to send a clipping from the papers.

The real Diplomacy today is the diplomacy of business. The tenants in the embassies are on the fringes of the scene. Senator Edge is right in one respect. So is Mr. Rogers. Discount the endless round of petty chores: and what the diplomats need above all else is fodder for a real eight-hour day.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Farmer-Labor Party for 1924?

THE season is still early for political forest fires and the big timber is in no case yet dry enough or sufficiently blasted in hope to blaze on the altars of a third party. Nevertheless, a growing cloud of third party smoke already overhangs the western plains and mountains. Unlike the Bull Moose conflagration of 1912, the third party fires of today are not the result of a prolonged propaganda of ideas nor of the incendiarism of a few dominant political personalities; they smoulder deeper in the sod. Much of their smoke rises from the corn and wheat stubble set on fire by the Nonpartisan League in a dozen northwestern states; other fires spring from sparks scattered by the railway workers; still more arise from the coal fields of the miners. Leadership there is, of course, for even Mayor Hylan has recently slid down the brass pole of Hearst journalism to join the group, of which La Follette is the most conspicuous personality, which discusses rail valuations and public ownership of utilities as related to national policy. But both personalities and programs are as yet secondary, and for that very reason the movement is increasingly important.

The history of third parties in this country during the past fifty years has not been marked with such success as to cause the professional politicians cause for great anxiety. New political reforms have easily been absorbed by either or both of the old parties as soon as the ideas which they embodied have gained a significant measure of popular support.

But the appearance of a central organization, representing widespread economic interests, capable of financing itself and determined upon managing its own personnel and its political affairs, is an entirely different matter. It was realization of the effective working of such a force which gave so severe a jolt to the Harding administration last November. It is this which makes the shadow cast across the Canadian border by the Progressive farmers of the western provinces so portentous.

Discontent among the Farmers

Though the farmers' side of the American farmer-labor coalition has been slow in evolving permanent local units with stable memberships, adequate finances, and responsible leadership, the whole agricultural population, nevertheless, is vitalized for united political action by its discontent with existing economic conditions. The Nonpartisan League forms the most important centre of the farmers' political organization, but it is no longer the closely knit, autocratically controlled, and well-financed organization that it was in former years.

The League was originally organized by the driving energies of a few convinced socialists who saw in the device of the direct primary an opportunity for a skilfully led and united minority to use to its own advantage the dead weight of old party shibboleths. They succeeded in dramatizing a few of the immediate grievances of the northwestern farmers and, through a highly trained group of salesmen using carefully worked-out book-agent or lightning-rod methods, "sold" them the idea of the League.

This application of modern business promotion technique to farmer political organization over a wide area and under highly centralized control freed the organization from dependence upon a few large campaign contributors pouring money in from the top, a freedom almost unique in American political life. But it also produced a mushroom growth without forming permanently functioning local groups. The League leadership, aware of this need, endeavored in vain to meet it by means of a permanent and widely read press, by local study and discussion clubs and cooperative chain stores.

The Strength of the Nonpartisan League

Despite the fact that the League's central Minneapolis headquarters melted away when agricultural depression no longer made it possible for the several hundred organizers moving around the country in their "jitneys" to make expenses or to cash "post-dated checks," it does not follow that the League is a negligible factor at the present time nor that it failed to play a leading rôle in last November's progressive victories in Minnesota, North Dakota, Colorado, Iowa, Montana, Oklahoma, Washington, Wisconsin, and Nebraska. In all these states the political point of view resulting from the League's organization work among the farmers has grown with time. It is largely disembodied sentiment, but none the less potent on that account, and, if cleverly gathered up and directed, will prove an undeniably important factor in 1924.

Other organizations, such as the single commodity cooperatives of the Pacific coast and of some of the apple valleys of the northwest, the cotton associations, the tobacco growers, as well as the truck market gardeners of the south Atlantic coast, have far greater promise of supplying a permanent basis for farmer political organization than the Nonpartisan League, though they have

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not yet asserted themselves politically, save on a few issues of local importance such as tariff protection. Their very specialization makes united action difficult, while their policy has been to fight shy of risky dissensions. Though they lack any powerful national organizations with political interests, the farmers of the nation are nevertheless slowly creating the groundwork for such participation.

The presence of Shipstead as the sole Farmer-Labor member of the Senate is largely to be explained by the presence in Minnesota of innumerable scattered local cooperative creameries, cooperative cheese factories, livestock shipping associations, farmers' elevators, farmers' banks, and cooperative papers. Although seldom effectively represented in political councils or conventions, it is these associations which have supplied the real backbone to the Minnesota independent party movement and have led the farmers to act together as a unit in politics. An equally high development of the cooperative movement in Wisconsin goes far to explain La Follette's personal position in that state.

Why a Farmer-Labor Alliance?

It is from the labor side of the farmer-labor alliance, however, that the real leadership and the real decisions for the Farmer-Labor party in 1924 will come, although in this country the movement has only a fraction of the strength of the British Labor party in proportion to the total industrial labor vote. Here the labor leadership is faced with the problem of holding the farmers in the combination, a union based primarily upon apprehension of a common enemy, the corporate financial and industrial interests of the country, and upon recognition of the fact that an alliance is necessary to give either partner effective strength. It has been necessary to demonstrate to the farmers that high prices of foodstuffs are dependent upon the high wages of the worker and that therefore regular employment at high wages for the worker becomes the equivalent of prosperity for the farmer.

Within the farmer-labor ranks the question of entering the 1924 campaign under an independent party name or of working within the husk of one of the old parties will be decided by a close calculation on the part of the chiefs of the railway brotherhoods and the United Mine Workers as to which policy will produce the most votes. Although among both mine and rail workers a minority of the officials long to return to the good old days of private wage negotiation without public interference and fear the results of nationalization, all recognize that a sympathetic national executive in the event of strikes is vital.

The responsible heads of these large organizations are prepared to contribute real cash for hard and tangible results. They wish to see the building up of the farmer side of the combination. An aspect of this spirit of practicality permeating labor ranks was revealed at the recent national convention of the Socialist party in New York City where, after voting not to affiliate with the Farmer-Labor party because that would be an endorsement of a direct rival, the convention approved a motion to affiliate and cooperate with the Conference for Progressive Political Action, the principal organization through which the nonpartisan farmer-labor combination has handled its political affairs and which has hitherto stood for the policy of endorsing and supporting approved candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties.

On paper these policies of the railway brotherhoods and their new allies do not seem to differ much from the historic political policy of Samuel Gompers, to endorse candidates who will help you get the things you want, but to go no further into the snare of party politics. In practice there is hardly any resemblance. The Gompers policy has been one of actual do-nothingism. The new policy is one of vigorous aggression in every branch of political activity, not the least of which is the building up a powerful and politically intelligent labor press.

Backing a Single Presidential Candidate

The plan of endorsing candidates of different parties in different states is obviously not applicable in a presidential campaign, for unless the farmer-labor alliance concentrates its efforts upon one specific candidate, it will lose all prospect of controlling either convention. Furthermore, the progressives in many states will be deprived for presidential purposes of that essential weapon in their plan of attack, the direct primary. The farmer-labor movement is at present so badly split up between both the old parties that the embarrassments of stepping either way will be almost insurmountable. Nevertheless, the tendency of the present leadership is sufficiently opportunist to let its decision at the coming farmer-labor convention be determined by the prospect of success offered by some leader campaigning under the banner of the Republican or Democratic party or under some new third party insignia. Even though the farmer-labor forces have not yet the foundation by which to create an immediate political upheaval of far-reaching effect, that politician who follows the recent example of King George and invites the farmer-labor leadership to dinner will do well. In five or ten years that recollection may be a political asset of no mean value.

ARTHUR FISHER.

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The Strategy of Mr. Baldwin

POPULAR appreciation of prime ministers in England is based on the principle ascribed by Vergil to the Golden Bough: when one bough of gold is torn away, another does not fail. A general chorus has gone up to testify that if there is any politician in our midst as simple, direct and honest as Mr. Bonar Law, it is his successor Mr. Stanley Baldwin. Truth to tell, though what we know of Mr. Baldwin is not discouraging, we know comparatively little. He has had no long apprenticeship, like the Salisburys and Gladstones of our political tradition, but then perhaps the tradition was not so sacred as we thought it. Much his best piece of work has been the settlement of the debt question with the United States. Otherwise we have to take him pretty much on trust. As the head of a big engineering firm he ought to be efficient and businesslike, but in this country we have never taken to the view that a captain of industry is necessarily a statesman, not to mention a prime minister. He is a strong Protectionist, but that at present is a matter of indifference, for this Parliament will not enact protection, except as it may get a chance by a side-wind, and most of the Tory party are afraid of the cold waters of popular disfavor in which a revival of the Protectionist campaign might, and probably would, deposit them.

Mr. Baldwin's Clean Slate

The new Premier therefore has almost a clean slate to write on. Except in one respect—the fate of the ex-Ministers who stand with Mr. Austen Chamberlain—he has a freer hand than almost any Premier of recent times. No programs hang round his neck—not one. A quiet man who never expected his high office and who probably spoke sincerely when he told the crowd that as Premier he needed their prayers rather than their congratulations, he is in a more independent position than many a Premier who reached his post in the ordinary cursus honorum and found himself encumbered by all sorts of claims and restrictions. Mr. Baldwin's choice of his Ministers exhibited individuality at the first move. It is not in the Tory tradition to ask an ex-Radical Minister like Mr. McKenna to take the second most important post in the government; nor to include a suspect internationalist like Lord Robert Cecil, and, having included him, to put him in charge of the Treasury bench during the first week of the life of the new Ministry; nor even to evince openly the desire to bring back into office the moderate ex-Coalitionists like Mr. Austen Chamberlain whom the Tory right wing, headed by Mr. Baldwin himself, overthrew only a few months ago. The revolt against the Coalition and its leaders, Lloyd George and Austen Chamberlain, was brought to a triumphant conclusion because Mr. Bonar Law stepped in and fathered it. But its inspirer and champion within the Ministry was precisely Mr. Stanley Baldwin. He certainly used, he may be fairly said to have led, the Tory Die-Hards. Now he embraces an ex-Radical and (from the Die-Hard standpoint) a sentimental visionary, and would embrace too, if he dared, the Unionist weaklings who were outlawed because they had become the tools and instruments of Lloyd Georgian policy. What does it mean?

No Die-Hard Toryism

As the leader or manipulator of a Tory revolt, Mr. Baldwin was one man; as the Premier, head of a Tory government and leader of the Tory party, he is another man altogether. On both the Tory side and the Independent Liberal side, there is great personal bitterness against Mr. Lloyd George. The Tories dislike him above all for his Irish policy and for making their party the principal instrument in carrying it through. They will not, therefore, have a continuance of Coalition; they will not hear of a joint Liberal-Tory body under the name of a Centre party; they will not return to the leadership of Lloyd George, and, as long as they can, some of them will keep Mr. Austen Chamberlain out in the cold. But Mr. Baldwin and the more cool-headed leaders look much farther ahead than this. They are concerned about the future of the party. They want it to be strong, broadly based in popular favor, representative of many and varied strains of conservative opinion. There is no great or stable future for Die-Hard Toryism and Mr. Baldwin knows it.

The Conservative party has only been really strong in Parliament and in the country when it has been fertilized by a stream of opinion from the left which you may call democratic or progressive or radical, as you will. Disraeli fertilized it; so did Randolph Churchill; so did Joseph Chamberlain. None of these new influences split the party; for the Tory party above all others is prudent, politic and cohesive. The party absorbed and profited by liberal fertilization. It will do so again; the first steps have been taken. Mr. Bonar Law, in thinking aloud last year, said that his personal motive in breaking the Coalition was fear lest the Tory extremists should secure the whip hand and dominate the party, whereupon the country, which

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dislikes and fears extremists, would punish the party as a whole and keep it "in the wilderness" for a generation.

Mr. Baldwin is moved by the same strategic ideas. He must make head in the Ministry against the cruder Tories like Amery and Joynson-Hicks and prevent them from calling the tune. He must attract the support of moderate men in the country —men who are merely repelled by such names as I have mentioned. He knows that there are large numbers of non-party men and of moderate Liberals who are afraid of the growing success of Labor and unattracted by the weak and divided Liberal party. Their support is to be had if he can sufficiently liberalize and humanize his government. Here is where the promise of Mr. McKenna's support and the adhesion of Lord Robert Cecil is so useful to him. Mr. McKenna represents the view of the great banking and commercial houses that a policy of pacification and economic reconstruction must be pursued by England. Lord Robert Cecil represents the same ideas on their more political side. Both men can count on a mass of popular support. Their names are a guarantee to the country that the Baldwin Ministry, however hard and reactionary some of its members, will in general pursue a moderate, prudent policy.

The Premier Attempts "Reunion"

Parliamentary tactics, of course, have also urged the Premier to broaden the basis of the Ministry. Mr. Bonar Law's Ministry was lamentably weak in the House of Commons. Apart from Mr. Law —and ill-health crippled him—Mr. Baldwin was the only man of first-rate quality. More than once the government was exposed to great humiliations, and once it actually suffered defeat in the lobbies because of the crudeness and inexperience of its members. That had to be remedied. The difference was apparent in a moment when Lord Robert Cecil took charge on the Treasury bench and began with firm but flexible hand to pilot the Irish Indemnity bill through very difficult waters. In his choice of men unquestionably Mr. Baldwin has been both bold and wise.

He has not yet succeeded in bringing about complete "reunion." That however will come. He has made a beginning by inducing Sir L. Worthington-Evans, one of the Coalitionist ex-Ministers, to join his Ministry. The gesture is significant. The extreme Tories still refuse to allow the return of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the prime participator in Mr. Lloyd George's Irish sin, and with him remain in the cold Lord Birkenhead, Sir Robert Horne and some smaller fry. They have no great following in the country; it is a personal question. Except that they are personally able (especially Lord Birkenhead) and that the Tory party in Parliament needs their help, their separation from the Ministry is no great matter. Their return is made more difficult, apart from the taint of the Lloyd George connection, by the unfortunate fact that posts would have to be found for them and all the posts are already filled by people who are comfortable where they are. There is already one "Minister without portfolio"—Lord Robert Cecil. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer is earmarked for Mr. McKenna. Who is to give up his place for Messrs. Chamberlain, Horne, Birkenhead and the rest?

The Unionist leaders who were dispossessed when the Coalition fell held many of the most important offices in the state. Those offices are now held by men of two very different classes, but neither of them would be at all quick to give up his hold on power in order to make room for other men. In the first class are Lord Derby, the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Salisbury. These men belong to the "ruling families" of England. The names of Salisbury, Cavendish and Stanley, along with Bentinck, Russell and one or two more, may be found turning up in English governments for many generations. Disraeli is to be seen, in his letters, congratulating himself when he gets a Bentinck or a Cavendish into his Ministry. It would greatly surprise a Salisbury or a Stanley to hear that he should make way in a Conservative or any other government for a Smith, a Chamberlain, or a Horne. Why should he? Have not his family and his friends' families governed England, on and off, for a good many decades with very satisfactory results? What is there wrong, then, about the present arrangement, the superiority of which to any other is proclaimed by both nature and experience?

Loaves, Fishes and Office-Holders

The other class of office-holders have no such title but they will not hold on the less tenaciously for that. They are the arrivistes, the Conquistadores of the party. It was they who revolted against the Coalition, who undermined Lloyd George, who stormed the keep in order to hand the keys to Bonar Law. They have arrived suddenly at great power and position which they would have reached only in the slow and painful years, if they had reached it at all. If the ex-Ministers come back, they will expect Secretaryships of State or the equivalent. By all means, their successors would say, let them return, work hard for the party and share in the loaves and fishes as they may become available. But as to when that may be, they can only shrug their shoulders. It is, alas, only in the Bible that loaves and fishes multiply! In politics the goodly posts are strictly limited and "J'y suis, j'y reste" is the only sensible motto in these hard times.

The difficulties of the Liberals are not so simple. The rank and file of the party are sincerely

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anxious for reunion between the National Liberals and the Independents. They have the natural desire of any fighting force to see their side victorious and they are well aware that as long as the party is split into two sections whose leaders contend in public, the country will look elsewhere for its rulers. These Liberals do not feel that their mission is accomplished and over. They believe that both at home and abroad the liberal habit of mind can supply a healing virtue which is not to be had from either the Tories or the Labor party, although it is true enough that in some directions (notably in the foreign field) Labor and Liberalism are very near kin and ought to be able to cooperate. But first—reunion, and reunion does not come.

Mr. Lloyd George is all for reunion and the Asquithian headquarters remain diffident and cold. There is something a little cynical about the Lloyd Georgian tactics. A few months ago Mr. Lloyd George was an enthusiastic Coalitionist, and he invariably grounded his conduct on the highest basis of morality and patriotism. In those days everybody had to be a Coalitionist if his soul was to be saved. The Coalition has vanished into thin air, the Tories will have none of Mr. Lloyd George, his following is reduced to a mere fifty or sixty members of the House and hey presto! he is all for immediate union with the other Liberal section under the chief whom in 1916 he deposed from office. The general impression is that if reunion came, it would not be long before Mr. Lloyd George by force of personality would be undisputed head of the whole party. (So Mr. Gladstone "came back" in 1880.) That would suit Mr. George but Mr. Asquith not so well, and Mr. Asquith is accordingly not hustling towards reunion. It is said that on a certain day every week he stamps and posts a letter in the House of Commons. The wags say that it is his "weekly refusal to lunch with Lloyd George."

But how does Mr. Lloyd George envisage the future of a reunited Liberal party? We wish we were quite sure. Some of his followers, like Sir Alfred Mond, certainly want a really Independent Liberal party. But others, including his late private secretary, Sir Edward Grigg, desire continued cooperation with the Conservatives. (At Berwick the National Liberals have just helped to return a Unionist, Mrs. Philipson, to Parliament.) That means either a Centre party or another Coalition. Mr. Lloyd George is no longer, as he was, in favor of a Centre party (probably because he cannot get it even if he would) but one does not quite know what he may think about the advisability later of a Coalition with moderate Conservatives against Labor. For the truth is that many of our politicians see no hope of defeating Labor and keeping it from power except by the close cooperation, in some form or other, of the so-called "moderates," the bourgeoisie, reinforced by the "upper working classes." But indeed he would be a very bold man who should say that cooperation of this kind might not some fine day be adopted not only by Lloyd George but even by Mr. Asquith.

The real obstacles to Liberal reunion are only two—a minor and a major. The minor one is that some of the National Liberal M.P.'s owe their seats to Tory votes and therefore vote Tory in the House of Commons. That is a difficulty which will settle itself gradually. Some of them will go over to the Tory side, to which by inclination they belong. The major obstacle is the personality of Mr. Lloyd George himself. Liberals in the country are as a whole quite willing to overlook the past and have him back, asking nothing more than that he should show himself a Liberal. But there are two groups of men who are bitterly hostile to him and mean to keep him permanently in exile. They say that if he comes back into a reunited party, they will go out of it. The first group consists of a few wealthy men on whom the Liberal "machine" very largely depends for its financial support. The second consists of a few men who belong to the headquarters of the "machine," and are in the closest touch with the financial group. The determination of these irreconcilables to maroon Mr. Lloyd George is freely mentioned in private conversation but rarely in the public press. Yet it is of the essence of the situation.

AN ENGLISH LIBERAL.

The Blind Singer

Chapala lights had all gone out.
And on a dark wind from the lake
Two shadows entered through the door,
A boy leading an old blind singer
Who sang for what he could make.

We led his hand, that soft hand;
He did not often sing in a chair;
We lighted a candle for ourselves;
And the boy sank down by the singer's feet,
Who so resumed his air.

He was singing "Las Ojeras"—
Of shadows under a woman's eye,
Those blue and lovely shadows,
And he seemed to see the shadows
With no light to see them by.

Other songs and other shadows
Touching, cradling his guitar . . .
Till the boy woke up and led him away,
And we slowly found ourselves again,
Just as people are.

WITTER BYNNER.

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Mussolini's Bullfight

WHETHER like the Caesars he means to wheedle the populace to his will with spectacles and shows, or like Scott and Phillips he means to make them men of blood and iron by giving them strong nourishment, nobody seems to know. But everyone knows at least that Premier Mussolini has lifted the prohibition on bullfights in Italy. And this first Sunday in June repeats for Bologna the occasion in Rome when the Spaniards made their debut under Mussolini's patronage and with innumerable cameras directed on them and on him.

The Corrida, as the Italians call it, using the Spanish term, is in the corso where the famous bicycle races are run. More than five thousand people have come to see it. Men and women and boys, but mostly men; some of them like clowns with the white dust of the road on their faces, hot from nearby cities and towns and country villas.

A Happy Life in Italy

There is something about all this that pleases Italy as things are now; though you can see that many of the Italians around you are sceptical about this particular form of entertainment. But a new diversion has at least novelty to its credit, and everyone likes diversion and novelty. And in Italy now there is more order and more work and more pleasure. The shops are going, the farms are thriving, no waste places, no sight of ruin and neglect. The loss of luggage on the trains has stopped, the government guarantees fifty lire to the kilo and sees to it that the stealing ceases. The towns are clean, Florence, Vicenza, Perugia, Urbino; they are cleaner than any cities I know in America. The trains are no longer crowded with people trying to spend their money before it is confiscated by the Socialists or looted by mobs. There is white bread, as many cakes as before the war; and you are done with gray, wretched pasta, you can have everywhere spaghetti, tagliatelli, gnocchi, ravioli, any pasta you like. It is pleasant to live, to feel a little security, to have time to eat, visit, work and talk a little psychology and politics, and not be, as the man next me, a chauffeur, has just said, like those Russians, where have they got, Signore? And so, he goes on, the Socialists have been whisked away like that—he makes a kind of squirting gesture.

What the Socialists and the other enemies of Mussolini think of all this I have no way of knowing. Everyone I talk with says this same thing, Mussolini has saved Italy. But then there are only two levels of people that I am apt to talk with very easily, the shopkeepers and public officials and hotel managers at one end and at the other what acquaintances I may have in the upper levels, people with titles, who need estates, and bankers, who need stability, with their ladies, who need servants, hats and lace. For all these, naturally, Mussolini is a savior. As Coppini, the silversmith in Borgo San Iocopo says to me, between orders to the men at the benches and shouts to the errand boys, you don't hear revolver shots now right and left and shut the doors, Signore. Ah, no! Mussolini is forte, forte!

Within this stadium they have set up a ring that is less than half the size of the area, two wooden fences one within the other, painted red and yellow. A trumpet blows. And still, though the trumpet is stirring, one doubts how the Italians, who are not very kind to animals, will take to this fierce sport; though people like it in Spain, where everyone loves animals and where there is a proverb that says that the donkey is always the baby in the house, meaning of course that everyone pets him. The leader of the Corrida rides into the ring, followed by the bullfighters, with a stray horse or so and two great dappled horses decked out in streamers. The Spaniards themselves, their walk and their costumes for a moment, in spite of everything, the cramped bullring, the lack of horses, the imported quality of the sport, are magnificent. The sindaco throws to the leader the keys of the city tied with ribbons. The trumpet sounds again, the gates are opened and presently a black bull, rather small, comes in. He shakes his horns and looks at these strange enemies. For a moment I am at a loss over the flatness of it all and the cause; then I see that there are no picadors on horseback with lances, no horses are to be killed by the bull, Mussolini has forbidden that part of the bullfight.

Dodging the Bull

The cloaks begin to flame in front of the bull, he dashes at them. The bullfighters elude the lunges of the bull by leaping over the fence. The spectators laugh and roar; plainly they think it a jolly matter playing tag with such a playmate. From time to time the bull tries to go back to his stall; but the gate is closed and he turns again to his foes. At this the spectators laugh. The trumpet sounds again. The barbs with their bright streamers will be plunged now into the bull. A bullfighter in green charges at the bull as the bull charges at him, the barbs are struck into the shoulder, the man leaps over the bull's head. He does this twice, to a great handclapping. The bull is let out. The horn sounds and a brown bull rushes

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in, snorting and hot, tearing the ground with his hoofs. He is a better fighter. Once he runs on to the man in green and the crowd holds its breath. But the man shoots forward on the earth and the bull plunges over and past him and darts after the next cloak. The man rises, holds up his hand and bows, there are shouts of applause. The game thickens, the barbs enrage this brown bull to a frenzy. But he is not to be killed. There is an intermission. I see only one rank dissenter, a fat woman in gray and rose near me is expostulating with her husband. If Italy formed an alliance with Austria, France would disappear in two years, the chauffeur next me mutters, apropos of nothing anyone has said.

There is another intermission. The Fascisti band in their black shirts and long-fronted dark hair, play a patriotic air.

Enter the Espada!

Then the trumpet sounds again and a wild black bull, rather undersize, dashes across the ring and straight at the first man he sees. The spectators roar with laughter. But this bull seems to surprise the Spaniards. There is a good deal of help with one distracting cloak after another, flashing colors before those furious eyes, and a great deal of leaping over the fence and sliding through the narrow exits. The crowd likes this bull. The barbs are stuck into him, there are at least ten driven into the flesh of his shoulders, with applause each time from the onlookers. Then the bull surprises everyone; he dashes at the fence and plunges over it. In the outer ring there is a great scampering. The bull is headed into the ring again, amid happy shouts and laughter and cheers. A moment later he tries it again; everyone howls and loves him. Four times he leaps the fence. The Spaniards are kept busy.

Perhaps this in an Italian bull and not quite the kind of fighter they had counted on.

Plainly it is time for the espada, who comes in with his sword and his red cloak and bows to the sindaco. He is the celebrated Parejito, who will kill the first bull, according to the posters. The espada and the bull begin their fight. And presently for a second we see a perfect thing, the human body in its last perfection, every nerve and muscle suspended in a supreme skill; the thrust is made, the sword comes clean through the bull's body; there is a burst of applause, more in the spirit of the game, it seems, than in any enthusiasm. The bull sinks to the ground, the great horses are led in and he is dragged away. But the climax drops again. The horses are too big: after all, this was a game little fellow. It was not so dreadful killing him, we meat-eating and hunting races are used to that idea. But nevertheless there was nothing so very glorious about killing him. The Fascisti band plays patriotic music and many people go out. There are many empty seats after this intermission.

The next fight is less of a success all round. The bull is not so pugnacious, there is less laughter after that first real blood a moment since, and the renowned Estrella is not so charming or so skilful as Parejito was; he sticks the sword clean through the animal and out at one side without killing him, draws it out again to some applause and with the next thrust breaks it. And after the second sword is driven in the bull takes long to die. Many people are leaving before the horses come in, and many are laughing at the trouble they have getting the bull killed, the joke is on the renowned Estrella and his friends. But, except for those two minutes of dying bulls, the whole occasion has been a game, a joke, a catch-me-if-you-can between man and beast; and nobody sees much else to it, though everyone is a little excited when he starts home.

There are two reasons why this Italian crowd laughs so much more than it should and why these grave, superb Spaniards are made to look rather ridiculous. To begin with the ring is so small, there is nothing impressive in dodging about over such a pen. And in the first place this Italian crowd understands nothing of the technique of bullfighting. Of all the numberless tricks of eluding the bull, of light advance and retreat, of dangerous ventures and delays and fine timing, the crowd sees only the business of getting ahead of the furious beast. And of all the vaulting, the technical display around the edge of the ring, this crowd sees only the business of beating the bull to the fence. In the second place the fact that we saw no horses killed, saw no blood at the outset, has left us without any sense of terror or force.

The Spanish Bullfight

But how different all this! This is not the bullfight in Spain, in Seville, Granada, Valencia! There a crowd of five, ten, fifteen thousand people fills the huge amphitheatre, which indeed is like the Roman Emperors' Coliseum. In Spain this bullfight is all harsh and magnificent. It has that mixture of the barbaric with grave elegance that you see everywhere in Spanish things. In it the human is expert and powerful with the same power and perfection that is in the world of nature and wild animals. The trumpet sounds and into the ring come the picadors' prancing horses—old and worthless but masked in trappings—and the double team of mules that will drag out the carcasses; after them the bullfighters in their gorgeous clothes and then the servants of the ring: they cast red shadows on the bright sand.

The bull comes in. He is a special breed from a Duke's ranch in the mountains, he has a narrow rump behind and in front a heavy chest; his head is short and broad. The fight begins, the cloaks, the baiting. The picadors ride up against the bull;

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they prick him with their long lances. The bull charges at the horse and rider; and sometimes throws them ten feet into the air; sometimes with a blow of his horns he rips the horse's bowels out. The horse's blood reddens the horns of the bull and the entrails of the horse pour down to the sand. Whatever else may be said of this appalling brutality, the psychology of it hits the point. Through such a sight the shock of the bull's power gets to us. After it the fight is a terrific matter, there is no merry game of tag, there is nothing to laugh at in this business. The details of the technique that makes the fight possible are known from long habit to every Spanish spectator; he watches the fighters and adores them. That the animal will charge at the cloak instead of at the man is no doubt a stupidity; but the power and fury are there nevertheless, just as the power is in the wind, which bloweth where it listeth, and in the water driving blindly toward the earth's centre or fire toward the air. The goads and barbs are not so much mere baiting and torment of a dumb animal as they are an added increase in ferocity and danger.

At length the espada meets the bull, and with the sword held lightly receives in his wrist, within that small shape of perfect muscle and nerve and skill, without moving an inch in his steps, the huge weight of the bull's charge. Afterward the double team of mules with their streamers and jingling bells canter in to draw away the carcass. But the mules are only sleek and bright, they have no dignity; and it seems still almost unbelievable that the force has gone out of the thing they drag. It is like killing a planet.

STARK YOUNG.

France, Germany and Steel

BIG business and the seamy side of politics sounds an engaging theme for mordant wit. But it is not the purpose of this article, for, truth to tell, popular ideas on this subject have very little relation to reality. Indeed, it is astonishing what a human mixture of good intentions, stupidity, patriotism or jealous self-seeking, like the rest of us, the great financier or capitalist of industry becomes when seen and studied in the flesh, instead of in the distorting mirror of imaginative journalism. But though the leading business men of the world for the most part make very second-rate Machiavellis, nevertheless it would be foolish to deny that economic interests play a very great part in politics. This is particularly the case in the Rhineland of today.

At intervals during the last few months, the press in various countries has hinted, with an air of mystery, at attempts to form a great Franco-German coal, iron, and steel combine. This is a natural and not at all unlikely development. But we are getting into the region of phantasy when the conclusion is drawn that such a combination would wield overwhelming economic power in Europe, and prove fatal to the British iron and steel industries; while the story becomes definitely mischievous when it is suggested that through fear of such an amalgamation Great Britain has used her influence to prevent an industrial understanding between France and Germany.

This idea is the reverse of the truth. Lorraine ore and German coke were, in fact, combined in the hands of the German steel cartel before the war, and Great Britain has, therefore, already had to face this particular combination of resources in circumstances which were very favorable for Germany. Preferential railway rates were in force for heavy traffic between Westphalia and Lorraine, export was encouraged at the public expense, and the whole organization was administered with high efficiency.

It is true that in 1913 the German frontier only included half of the Lorraine iron-ore fields. But it did include the largest and most up-to-date of the Lorraine steel works, and Germany was able to draw from the Briey Basin, just across the border, any additional ore supplies she needed without economic hindrance. But in spite of this competition, British iron and steel exports steadily increased.

The resources of the Rhineland, comprising ore in Lorraine and part of Luxembourg, and coal in Westphalia and Belgium, constitute a single economic unity, and sooner or later the exploitation of these resources will, in the future as in the past, be carried on in combination. But this does not mean that Great Britain cannot continue as a great steel producer. The Lorraine ore is not very high in metallurgical content, the average being from thirty-four to thirty-eight percent against an average of fifty percent in the Spanish and African ores which supply the bulk of British imports. Again, there is a considerable railway journey between Westphalia and Lorraine, which must be made either by the coke or the ore; and finally the product has to be sent by barge down the Rhine and transhipped for ocean passage if it is to be marketed outside Europe.

Thus, apart from temporary advantages in competition which may be given by a depreciating exchange, the economic conditions are by no means unevenly balanced. European

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competition must not be underestimated, but it will only drive British products from the world market if it shows greater technical excellence, unless, of course, either France or Germany should be tempted to start the old cut-throat game of subsidizing export.

In these circumstances Great Britain is not likely to waste time trying to prevent this natural development, especially since by so doing we should be indefinitely postponing the prospect of a European settlement in which Great Britain is so vitally interested, and also should be inviting the antagonism of these great centres of industry. As a matter of fact, the policy of the British iron and steel trade is precisely the opposite. British steelmakers during the last two years have been in touch with Continental metallurgists, and the discussions have made it clear that both the German and French industrialists recognize the difficulty—for political, personal, and economic reasons—in coming to any agreement unless the British steelmakers are a party to it.

It is very certain that Lorraine and Westphalia will not exchange coke and ore unless they are sure of being free from internecine competition in the sale of their products. But whereas this exchange of material took place before the war within a single customs frontier, these two areas are today in different customs areas, and are united with quite different business organizations. The sale of Lorraine products will be governed from Paris, those of Westphalia from Düsseldorf or some other German centre. If, before the war, the German steel cartel found it desirable to agree rather than to compete with Great Britain, Belgium, and America, the divided Rhineland industry will find this far more necessary—especially since Belgium, which has now drawn the splendid Luxembourg works into its orbit, is a much more important iron and steel producing unit than before the war. French and Belgian firms have some very intimate associations in Luxembourg and even in Lorraine; but Belgium and France, nevertheless, constitute quite distinct customs areas.

French Policy

The French steel industry, whose policy is much less chauvinistic than is often assumed in Great Britain, has a twofold objective: (1) a commercial agreement to supply Westphalia with Lorraine ore, and for Westphalia to suppy Lorraine with coke in the same proportion as before the war; and (2) that there should be an agreement with British, Belgian, and possibly American steel-masters, since French industrialists recognize that unless some such agreement is carried through, there will be an increasing tendency, already begun, both in Lorraine and in Westphalia, for employers to duplicate productive capacity. If this happens on a large scale the world's steel industry will be upset by an excessive capacity for production. How this agreement is actually to be carried out is far from clear.

There are some sections in the French steel industry which would like to obtain a sufficient voting power in German works to give them effective control. Others envisage a simple agreement between independent groups. There are, indeed, mixed influences at work within the French steel trade itself. Those iron-masters whose interests are purely internal or whose works are in Normandy or more distant parts of France are looking at affairs from a different angle from those who are seeking to create a great export trade. The fact that there are these differences is in itself an added reason why the metallurgical situation between France and Germany cannot be easily settled unless the agreement is international in character. It is clear that if we want peace and wish to hasten the economic restoration of Europe, an understanding among the industrialists is one of the essential conditions.

The Fear of Monopoly

But there is a not unnatural feeling of alarm at this prospect among liberal-minded people, who ask themselves whether this does not mean the creation of a great international monopoly which may exploit the public. In the case under discussion an international agreement is a natural development. The problem is to prevent such an agreement becoming anti-social. In this connection there are two or three considerations which may help to allay uneasiness.

In the first place, the problem is so intimately connected with politics that no agreement could be carried through, or, if made, carried into effect, unless it were fully divulged to all the governments concerned. In the discussions which have already taken place it has been understood from the outset among each group of industrialists that all of them would disclose to their governments any agreement that might be reached. But there is another consideration. Iron ore is found over large areas of the earth's surface, and is converted by many processes into an infinitely great variety of products. Indeed, it is the basic material of the largest group of manufacturing trades in the world. But it is not standardized. The cleverest brains in the iron and steel industry have found it difficult to get control over any but a few of the more standard products. In the case of an international steel trust, the dangers of complete monopoly are less, and the means of checking abuse more effective, than in many other cases that might be named. But the problem of protecting the public is in principle the same as in the case of national trusts. For this purpose there remain artificially stimulated competition, direct regulation, and publicity, and the greatest of these is publicity.

W. T. Layton.

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An Emperor Jones of Finance

DR. JOHNSON said at the auction of Mr. Thrale's brewery, an occasion which he made famous: "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Similarly Judge Mack might have called the attention of the jury in the case of Marcus Garvey to the discrepancy between their prosaic legal function and that to which they were exalted in the imaginations of the defendant, of the spectators who filled the court-room and jammed the corridors of the Federal building, and of his supporters who were gathered in mass meeting in Garvey's Liberty Hall in Harlem. According to the former they had merely to decide whether the evidence showed that Marcus Garvey and his co-defendants had used the mails to defraud. According to the latter, they held in their hands the fate of an empire and the fortunes of a race. It was as the Provisional President of Africa that Marcus Garvey said to the jury in summing up the case on his own behalf: "The case of the Black Star Line is not a local matter; it is a case where 400,000,000 Negroes of the world are watching it with an eagle eye to test America's justice, and you gentlemen have in your hands at this hour the name of America, where black men are concerned."

A Jamaica Negro

Marcus Garvey is a Negro of Jamaica, and, as Dr. Du Bois pointed out, in the Century last February, he sees the Negro question from a West Indian angle. There the process of assimilation has gone so far that the color line is drawn not between whites and those of mixed blood, but between mulattoes and blacks. Garvey is pure black, and proud of it. He led a movement among the Jamaican blacks to make them race conscious, and to free them from the cultural leadership of the mulattoes. This is the origin of the "Back to Africa" slogan. Not assimilation of the Negro in countries under white domination, not a peaceful coexistence of the two races, but the supremacy of the blacks in the only part of the world where they could be supreme, was Garvey's program. In 1914 he established the Universal Negro Improvement Association, and shortly afterwards extended its operations from Jamaica to the mainland, making his provisional capital on 135th Street, Harlem.

It is easy to see how Garvey's dream of empire appealed to the more ignorant and primitive of his race. It was a complete example of wish fulfillment. Garvey hired a church edifice under construction which had not proceeded beyond the basement, and in this appropriately symbolic capitol he held his meetings and ceremonies, at which the Negro exalted himself to racial mastery, and individually found satisfaction in regalia, uniforms, degrees, and titles. Sir Sydney de Bourg, Knight Commander of the Order of the Nile, Leader of the Far Western Provinces of the West Indies, Duke of Nigeria and of Uganda may have been somewhat overdecorated by a hostile news agency, but at least his style figures in the despatches. It is easy to see, on the other hand, how Garvey's African greatness rendered him careless of the economic and social status of Negroes in the country of their sojourn, of the denial of social equality and the suffrage, of lynching. Indeed, Garvey may have looked on the oppression of the Negro in white lands as a heaven-sent chastisement to hasten his migration to a land of his own. At all events, Garvey in the South assumed an attitude of subservience which was galling to the self-respect of American Negroes, and gave rise to the suspicion that he was not above dealing with the Ku Klux Klan.

The Plan

Garvey's ultimate plan called for the return of Negroes to Africa, and as means to this end he proposed to pay the debts and restore to full sovereignty the Negro republics of Haiti and Liberia, and to organize Negro industry and business on a large scale. In contrast, his actual performance was grotesquely nil. He floated the Negro Factories Corporation, capitalized at $1,000,000, which set up a few grocery stores in Harlem; and he established the Black Star Line, to ply between the United States, the West Indies, and Africa. This was incorporated in February, 1920, for $10,000,000, with shares at $5. The line acquired three vessels. The Yarmouth of 1,452 tons, built in 1887, cost Garvey $140,000; it was sold for $1,625. The Kanawha, a steam yacht originally built for H. H. Rogers, cost $60,000, and after extensive repairs was seized in Cuba for claims for $100,000. The Shadyside, a ferry boat, cost $35,000 and was used as an excursion steamer on the Hudson for one season before it went to pieces. In these ventures the Black Star Line lost some $800,000, raised in small sums from Negroes of the United States and Jamaica. Its final condition is described as assets $31.75, liabilities $731,432.

It was on the charge of selling stock in the line after it was insolvent that Garvey was indicted, in January 1922, and brought to trial before Judge Mack in May 1923. He conducted his own defence, and his summing up was remarkable as an oratorical effort, and an illustration of Negro psychology. To Garvey the Black Star Line was not a collection of maritime junk, but the symbol

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of a spiritual movement for uplifting a race. The prosecution on the other hand afforded an equally illuminating example of white psychology. Assistant District Attorney Mattuck made much of the notion that Garvey's funds had been used to buy arms. Warnings alleged to have been received by the court resulted in extra precautions, so that the trial was conducted and sentence passed with everybody under guard and Negroes excluded from the building. Between the two exhibitions the jury took the sensible view that whatever Garvey's spiritual motives might have been, or however harmless his dream of empire, his business methods were in violation of the law, and accordingly pronounced him guilty. Judge Mack sentenced him to five years imprisonment.

The attitude of the Negro intellectuals toward Garvey is easily understood. There may naturally have been jealousy at the success of Garvey's revivalist methods in rounding up the masses, sympathy for the victims of his propaganda, and irritation at the intolerance with which he attacked all methods and movements not his own. But in the main the feeling was one of genuine distress lest Garvey, in his failure, should bring distrust and contempt upon the cause of Negro advancement. Dr. Du Bois pronounced even Garvey's extravagant political ideas of redeeming Africa "as a fit and free home for black men," feasible and "in a sense practical," (The Crisis, January 1921); but he pointed out that this task "will call for every ounce of ability, knowledge, experience and devotion in the whole Negro race."

Garvey: A Caricaturist

Indeed it is not the Negroes who need to be ashamed of Garvey and his methods. It is as a caricaturist of the great White Race that Garvey is in his most distinguished rôle. It is here that we part company with the specious parallel between him and Emperor Jones. That hero, it will be remembered, as he passed from scene to scene shed his white civilization as he did his trappings of empire, and came out at the end naked black. Garvey, on the contrary, became more and more an imitation of the white man. It was at a time of grandiose political ideas that Garvey's notion came to him of a black empire, of which the Negroes of the United States were to be the humane leaders and cultural leaven. In the light of events such a dream was not more fanciful than the one which probably inspired it—the solidarity of the white races in a superstate. It was at this time that the gigantic conception of the conquest of the seas by the new American merchant marine took possession of public opinion in the United States. Garvey's Black Star Line was a pathetic travesty of the exploits of our Shipping Board, and Garvey revealed what was in his mind all along when on his trial he gave the jury a delicately turned tu quoque. "Tonnage had fallen. Ships were going for practically nothing. . . . The Shipping Board had numbers of ships. . . . The failure of the Black Star Line was only a drop in the bucket. . . . You experts, you failed by the hundreds, and during the period the Black Star Line had its difficulties the Shipping Board of the United States lost $300,000,000." Other scraps of suggestion floating on the tide of Garvey's thought reveal the sources of his ideas. For instance, the Irish struggle for freedom seemed to offer a hopeful parallel to the Negro plan of emancipation, and it was in imitation of De Valera that he assumed the style of Provisional President of Africa. That his mind was in reality fixed on another model is shown by his inaugural address in 1920 in which he compared his task to Napoleon's. "He failed and died at Saint Helena. But may I not say that the lessons of Napoleon are but stepping stones by which we shall guide ourselves to African liberation?"

The Influence of Flag Day

If Garvey's political mind went along with Wilson's, his rhetoric is of a more Corinthian style. His great oratorical effort before his judges came just after flag day and shows obviously the influence of official expressions of superlative patriotism in connection with that occasion.

> I revere this great country and its great flag. I look to this country as the greatest government in the world. No other country in the world affords the opportunity for human liberty as this great American government, as this great American republic, but, gentlemen, nothing is at fault with the government.

It may be that the Negro intellectual will laugh at this, but surely not the white Republican or the American Legionnaire. Even the Negro Catechism is not rightly food for Caucasian laughter. We read:

> Q. What prediction made in the 68th Psalm and the 31st verse is now being fulfilled?
> A. Princes shall come out of Egypt, Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God.
> Q. What does this verse mean?
> A. That Negroes will set up their own government in Africa with rulers of their own race.

We should remember that the Negro has as much right as Pastor Russell to a share in the heritage of Hebrew prophecy. We read further:

> Q. If you had to think or speak of the color of God how would you describe it?
> A. As black; since we are created in his image and likeness.

Surely this is not one whit more amusing than the Archbishop of Canterbury's persistent impression that God was the victim of pro-Ally propaganda, or Pastor Naumann's delusion that he remained pro-German.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Upton Sinclair's Arrest

SIR: In your issue of June 13th you say: "Upton Sinclair has been arrested at Los Angeles, California, for reading the Constitution of the United States aloud on a street corner."

You will be interested to know that the case was even worse than that. I was arrested for reading the Constitution of the United States on private property, with the written permission of the owner, which had been previously shown to the police. I was arrested after having called upon the mayor of Los Angeles, with a deputation of seven other people, and having received his assurance that we would be "protected in our Constitutional rights and not molested, if we did not incite to violence," and after we had called upon the chief of police, who was in personal charge of the situation, and in the presence of a dozen people, including two attorneys, had advised him precisely what our purpose was—to read the Bill of Rights of the Constitution, and to explain its meaning to those who might care to hear us.

The chief instructed us to "cut out that Constitution stuff;" and because we did not comply with these instructions, four of us are held under five hundred dollars bail each, to answer the charge that we did "wilfully, unlawfully and maliciously conspire, combine, agree, confederate and agree together by unlawful means to commit a crime in the manner as follows: The hereinabove entitled defendants in and at that certain district and neighborhood known and designated as San Pedro, in the said City of Los Angeles, for the purpose of exciting discontent and disturbing the peace and quiet of the said neighborhood, by discussing, arguing, orating and debating certain thoughts and theories, which thoughts and theories were contemptuous of the Constitution of the State of California, calculated to cause hatred and contempt of the government of the United States of America and which thoughts and theories were detrimental and in opposition to the orderly conduct of affairs of business, affecting the rights of private property and personal liberty, and which thoughts and theories were calculated to cause any citizen then and there present and hearing the same to quarrel and fight and use force and violence, did at the time and place last aforesaid in pursuance and in furtherance of the said conspiracy stand, block, and obstruct public streets, sidewalks and highways and cause others to stand, block and obstruct public streets, sidewalks and highways of the said district and neighborhood in a manner as to hinder and obstruct the free passage therein and thereon, and to annoy, molest and embarrass the persons passing along the said streets, sidewalks and highways, and conspired to intimidate, threaten and coerce persons from obtaining employment, all of which is contrary to the form of the Statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the People of the State of California."

In order to judge the above you must know that the place on which we attempted to speak was at least a hundred feet from any sidewalk or street, and another hundred feet up in the air; also that there was no person, except police officers, within two city blocks of the spot where we stood—the street having been closed to traffic and to the public for several hours.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, California.

Housing Conditions in New Haven

SIR: In reading the correspondence columns in your issue of May 2nd, I was surprised to find in a contribution by Mr. Richard W. Hogue, Chairman of the Committee on Labor of the Church League for Industrial Democracy, a typical appeal which Mr. Hogue states he has received from New Haven, Conn., reading as follows:

> We have about fifty of our families that live in houses owned by the railroad company and the officials are making a special drive on these men. In the event that they are behind in their rent they will be put on the sidewalks. It looks very bad for them at the present time. Many are also behind in their grocery bills. We are having to put them all off from day to day in the hope that something will happen whereby we can get over the situation without any serious results to our cause.

As the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company is the only one operating in the city of New Haven, it must be the one which is referred to. Feeling confident that Mr. Hogue would not contribute, or that you would not publish, an article entirely wrong and without the slightest foundation, I feel, as the one in direct charge of the real estate of the Company, that I should call your attention to the true facts.

We have made a careful canvass of our rentable property and find that we have but six houses on the entire system occupied by former employees of the company. All of the six are located in New Haven. Four have been occupied since May 1, 1919, by Geo. Kiminski, J. Dmuskowski, S. Smithkosky and Tony Saloman. One has been occupied since October 1, 1921, by E. Bieleus, and one since February 1, 1922, by Edward J. Moran.

All of these employees are still living in the houses, there have been no evictions during or since the strike referred to in the article, nor has there been any undue pressure placed upon any of these six tenants in reference to the payment of rental. In the case of two of the tenants, the rental for about three months was paid by the local union at New Haven, but these tenants are now paying their rental of $10 a month direct. In another case the rental has in the past, and now is, overdue, on the promise of the tenant that it would soon be paid.

If I had the address of Mr. Hogue I would send him a copy of this advice, hoping that in the future he would be more careful about letting incorrect statements reach the public through the medium of the press.

ARTHUR P. RUSSELL,
Vice President, N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R.

Boston.

SIR: I beg to acknowledge with appreciation your courteous offer of the opportunity of replying to the letter of Arthur P. Russell, Vice President of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The statement with which he takes issue is made in a letter signed by representatives of the shopmen at New Haven.

In my work for the shopmen, extending over a large part of the country, I have found their statements in accord with the facts, as tested by investigation and supported by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Chairman of the Railroad Labor Board in certain matters that came within the province of these two bodies. I am assured that the shopmen would welcome the findings of an impartial, a competent and a thorough fact-finding commission on all matters of dispute between the railway executives and the employees.

RICHARD W. HOGUE.

"The Side-Walks of NewYork"

SIR: I love the side-walks of New York quite as much as Dr. Henry Moscowitz who wrote his article, Trotzky and the East Side. I know the little cafes where one gets a glass of tea and a piece of delicious Jewish cheese cake for ten cents, where one can sit and listen to the wonderful conversation of Jewish idealists. But in claiming that Governor Smith represented the "Side-Walks of New York" when he signed the bill repealing the Mullan-Gage law, his friends and foes alike malign the side-walks of our city and most of the people who frequent them.

Recently I made a tour of the side-walks on the lower East Side. In the Jewish and Italian neighborhoods I found not a single drunken individual. . . . Not until I reached the Bowery, a few blocks from Governor Smith's home, where the Irish type is prevalent, did I see men under the influence of liquor.

Being partly Irish and of the same faith of Governor Smith,

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I feel it my duty to say that his endorsement of the repeal of the Mullan-Gage law has set back the advancement of Americans of Irish origin and done his own church members of this nationality incalculable harm. The Irish are not wine drinkers, they want stronger stuff. When they succeed in getting it and over-indulge, they lose their splendid characteristics and their high thinking powers. When they don't get it, they are the finest, most lovable people on earth.

Catholics who love the spiritual faith and revel in its beauty want the saloon blot removed entirely from their church. Is there not some way whereby those of that religion who believe in prohibition, have seen its good effects and who want to stand for law enforcement can band together and make their stand publicly known? I am sure there are thousands in New York who feel as I do.

ANNA MARRIOTT KANE.

Brooklyn, New York.

Prison Reform

SIR: Improvement brought about by education greatly helps the prevention of crime. . . . I do not believe that ill treatment of the prisoner or torturing him is necessary as a deterrent. It has been used thousands of years and has not stopped or diminished crime. On the contrary, it hardens the prisoner and makes him revengeful and worse than before. . . .

Upon entering the prison or reformatory the prisoner should be thoroughly examined as to his mental and physical state and the treatment and the work assigned to him determined accordingly. There should be a competent medical staff and the right type of religious representative, the latter not only conducting services, but taking a personal interest in the prisoner. . . .

I do not lay so much stress upon looking out for the prisoner after his discharge as I do on giving him the right opportunities in prison. Given education and training in the kind of work that will be of use to him when he goes out and will enable him to make a livelihood for himself and his family, the chances are that he will go straight. Parole and probation are good things, but the difficulty of the prisoner's getting employment has to be dealt with. . . .

We should overcome our inclination to harbor bitterness toward the prisoner, as well as, on the other hand, avoid extreme sentimentality toward him. Both are harmful to the prisoner as well as to the general community.

We must not yet hope for ideal conditions. The subject is one of the most difficult, and as no two persons are alike in every respect, general principles do not apply. There are some principles, however, that can be definitely applied in all cases. They are:

(a) The proper examination of the prisoner both as to his physical and mental condition, tracing his early history to determine if the causes of his crime can be established.

(b) The choosing of honest and able wardens, keepers and other officials, and the recognition by the public of the importance of their positions, credit to be given them when they are worthy.

(c) Getting the people of good standing in the community to interest themselves in prison work.

(d) Keeping the prisoner well occupied with the kind of work that he can well perform, taking into consideration his health and ability, as well as the kind of work which will be useful to him after his discharge.

(e) Adding to the education of the prisoner by using some time for education in various branches. Training in music and the arts might even be a good thing for those who have talent in that direction.

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.

New York City.

The Klan in Minneapolis

SIR: I was sorry to see the New Republic imposed upon, as it seems to me to have been, by the article in the issue of June 13th, The Klan on Trial, by A. I. Harris. I do not know the writer, by name at least, but the article bore the earmarks of having been written by a member of the staff of the Daily Star, a paper thoroughly distrusted by honest liberals since it drove out Herbert E. Gaston from its editorial control, and became so mysteriously involved with the enemy that the conservative papers have no unkind word for it.

I have no excuses to make for the Ku Klux Klan and have nothing but condemnation for its secret methods and cowardly attack upon Mayor Leach, but the evident desire of Mr. Harris to whitewash the Mayor and his Chief of Police and to throw obloquy upon the Committee of Thirteen, as well as their backers. is distasteful to honest and intelligent citizens. The Committee of Thirteen is generally understood to be financed by wealthy members of the Civic and Commerce Association, which is a respectable body of citizens, interested in supplementing the more or less inefficient efforts of the police in getting evidence against gambling and other vice.

It is a common impression of those who followed the evidence in the two trials mentioned by Mr. Harris that if the County Attorney had shown half the zeal in securing and using the evidence against the Chief of Police that he used in trying to discredit the Committee of Thirteen and various witnesses against the Mayor in the Klan trial, the verdict in the former trial might have been different. As a matter of fact, in spite of the support of Mayor Leach by former Mayor Thomas Van Lear and the labor forces, Leach has been so discredited that a large number of respectable supporters have been led as a matter of self-respect, to vote for his opponent Campbell, and Leach was elected by only a small majority. Campbell has a fine record as a citizen and legislator and would have been elected, had not Leach been able to persuade many voters that Mr. Campbell was mixed up with Ku Klux Klan which both he and his friends deny.

EDWARD J. BROWN.

Minneapolis.

SIR: My article, The Klan on Trial, was an exposé of the Klan and not a "whitewash" of Mayor Leach.

The charge that the Klan was allied with powerful financial interests which sought to discredit Leach because he had the "audacity" to advocate municipal control and development of power of a high dam has since been fully substantiated. Milton Elrod, editor of the Fiery Cross, official Klan paper, has been compelled to admit the truth of that charge, inferentially naming the secret Committee of Thirteen.

The very thing—the high dam fight—which caused the conservatives who put Leach into office two years ago to turn from him now, caused labor and liberals to flock to his support. And the ultra-conservative Minneapolis Journal, which unquestionably sought to defeat him, was astonished at "the greatest political turnover in the history of the city."

Leach was re-elected by nearly 10,000 majority, with his opponent carrying the "silk stocking" Thirteenth ward. The evidence connecting Campbell with the Klan was conclusive. The Daily Star did not editorially support either candidate.

My friend is careful not to condemn the Klan as an organization, only its secret methods. Is he just a wee, wee bit of a Klan sympathizer himself?

A. I. HARRIS.

Minneapolis.

Dr. Tikhon and Counter-Revolution

SIR: I was amazed to read the letter, In Defence of Patriarch Tikhon, published in your issue of June 27th, by Michael M. Karpovich. Evidently your correspondent has not been a close reader of the New York Herald or he would have seen many of the accusations pending against Dr. Tikhon held up as evidence of his title as "the supreme representative of all that is best in undestroyed Russia," as Mr. Charles R. Crane, Dr. Tikhon's chief apologist in America, put it. An article by John K. Mumford in the Herald of April 8th is especially revealing on this head.

Our view of the church situation in Russia has been altogether too much influenced by such articles as those printed in the New York Times of April 8th and the cables of Capt. Francis McCullagh in the New York Herald, the extreme violence of both of which scarcely recommend them to credence. . . .

I may add that the Rosta news release No. 106 made public in London on April 27th contains all the information in regard to Dr. Tikhon that Mr. Karpovich seems to lack.

PAXTON HIBBEN.

New York City.

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What the Straw Voters Are Thinking

[The following are extracts from some of the letters received by the New Republic from participants in its Straw Vote for Liberals. Results in the vote up to the present will be found recorded elsewhere in this issue.]

A League to Outlaw War

SIR: I am in favor of a real League of Nations comprising every nation on an equal basis for the purpose of outlawing war and providing the necessary elements that will make war impossible. First and foremost, education for peace and propaganda for peace. G. U. C.

New York City.

If Borah Were a Democrat

SIR: I see no way to answer the straw ballot questions without appearing to be inconsistent. I favor the League but suggest an opponent of it [Borah] for a new party leader; suggest Borah, but vote for McAdoo.

I doubt Borah's willingness to leave his party, but he has shown greater independence than many men in public life. . . . If we must vote for an old party candidate, a progressive Democrat would be my choice because he would favor low tariff and the League. . . . J. H. S.

Oak Park, Illinois.

Hoover Eclipsed by Ford

SIR: I would favor joining the League if *all* Nations were included in it on equal terms. . . .

I favor a third party because the two dominant political parties at present stand for the same things. I chose Ford for President because Hoover has received little mention as a Presidential possibility. My opinion is that he would make a better President than Ford. J. M. F.

Schuylerville, New York.

The Virtue of Being Young

SIR: . . . I favor a third party at once because, while it can't win in 1923, it should be inaugurated; otherwise it will lag. As to the candidate, there's the rub. It must be a man to whom principle is first (no T. R.), who knows he can't win in 1924 but may in 1928. Hence his age should not be too far advanced. . . . I select Kenyon, not because he is great, but because he is the best I can think of. S. H. C.

Chicago, Illinois.

From an "Undiscouraged Woman"

SIR: I advocate any righteous way through which America can serve her God and do her world duty, by joining a League of Nations or a World Court—either or both. The American electorate is too ignorant and too timid to give a third party any chance of success. . . . I favor McAdoo until a better candidate comes. No government ownership. It means one temptation more. . . . This is a what a woman of eighty years, undiscouraged, thinks. L. S. W. P.

Concord, Massachusetts.

"No" on Mines; "Yes" on Railroads

SIR: I vote "no" on public ownership of mines, "yes" on railroads. The railroad question concerns the entire country, and government ownership seems plausible. Mines, especially anthracite mines which are so troublesome a question, concern only a small part of the country, so the proposition is not similar.

Albany, New York. H. K. D.

The League an Instrument of Oppression

SIR: The League as now constituted, or with any reservations possible, under the present state of mind of the nations and the mis-leadership of statesmen, can only be an instrument of oppression. Nothing has transpired since 1920 to make the League any more welcome than before.

While a third party may not change the political power, it could be an agent of drawing attention to the real issues.

Newton, New Jersey. M. S.

A Load for the Donkey

SIR: A new party may be and probably is necessary, but the time to organize and make it effective by 1924 is too limited. Our efforts should be to make the Democratic party carry the burden of liberalism through the next campaign. W. R. P.

Augusta, Maine.

For a Long-Armed Third Party

SIR: . . . Although I believe in a third party, I realize that unless it embraces all the groups now working separately against the existing parties it will fail and might as well not be attempted. In that case, I had rather have a good man in the old parties. B. F.

St. Joseph, Missouri.

Ford: Martinet, Not Toady

SIR: From my point of view, Wall Street is dictating to and practically ruling the world today. I believe Henry Ford is not a toady nor likely to become one. Like the rest of us, he has made many mistakes and is something of a martinet, but after summing up all his alleged faults, his business ability, judgment of humanity and general common sense demonstrate his fitness for the position of Chief Executive above all others. . . . As a believer in the doctrines of Karl Marx, my choice of a candidate would be first, last and all the time, Eugene V. Debs, but it is not worth while nominating him. The workers of the nation have not developed sufficient common sense to overcome the selfish teachings of Gompers and Co. T. R.

Green Cove Springs, Florida.

The Times Are Out of Joint

SIR: . . . The Covenant of the League itself may speak the language of good will, but the spirit which rules the policy of Europe is that of greed, hate and revenge.

Politics in America seems to have fallen into the hands of mediocrities. Old organizations have become fossilized and our well-meaning President with all his ineptitude is as fertile of beneficent devices as the entire remainder of his party. . . .

Buffalo, Kansas. G. M. F.

Let's Start Anyhow

SIR: I am opposed to the present League because I believe it is not founded on righteous principles. It can only function in accordance with the Peace Treaty and that I believe to be the root of the world problems. It will have to be revised and amended to conform to the terms of the Armistice agreement. . . .

Political progress cannot be made until we organize a party whose fundamental principle shall be righteousness in government. Let us cease making laws until we can obtain a fair and just administration of some of the good laws already on the statute books. . . . I believe in a new political party; although we cannot make the change in one day, one month or one year, we can begin in one day and unless we begin we cannot make any progress. . . . F. S.

Peaks Island, Maine.

A Wide Range

SIR: . . If Borah and Ford were opposing candidates I think I would take Ford, assuming that both were on regular tickets. I would be strong for La Follette except for his doubtful attitude toward prohibition enforcement. I think highly of McAdoo and might accept him in a pinch on the regular Democratic ticket. . . .

Lake Wales, Florida. O. B. H.

Not for a Mushroom Growth

SIR: I feel that organizing a political party in a hurry is like any other job done in a hurry—it is usually not done well. I believe in a third party, but not necessarily in 1924. Let us take time to organize properly and try to win in a few places where we have nominees. . . . M. L.

New York City.

New Life in Old Parties

SIR: I do not believe it possible or advisable to make anything out of the present League of Nations. Of course, reservations could be made to its deplorable Covenant, but my own opinion is that the whole thing should be redrafted and rewritten. . . .

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I seriously doubt whether a third party could be launched at this juncture with any prospect for success. It would complicate the situation in 1924 and make the voters more confused. . . . If Senator Borah were nominated by the Republicans and a strong liberal-minded candidate by the Democrats the need for a third party would be lessened. J. B.

New York City.

Toot-Toot for Harding

SIR: . . . If the liberal Democrats succeed in committing their party to an intelligent program with an intelligent open-minded candidate, I fear the liberal vote would be so divided that a third party would merely reelect Harding. . . . If a liberal third party does materialize doubtless the most available candidates are La Follette and Borah, the former preferable. Who knows whether some interlopers may cut in and start their own third party, built on the money, popularity and political shrewdness of Hearst, Johnson, Hylan and Ford . . . perhaps things will have to be worse before they can be better. In that case we all ought to buy horns and cowbells and campaign to reelect Harding. J. McG.

Brooklyn, New York.

Failure of Labor's Leaders

SIR: Ford will not get the nomination, but would be elected if nominated. Party would be immaterial. . . . Both parties are alike so far as the leading man is concerned, and Big Business can handle either party. Johnson will make and is the strongest third party man. La Follette cannot win. . . . Workingmen are to blame for most of our troubles. They have the power, but their crooked and dishonest leaders won't let them use it. A. C. H.

New York City.

"The World Is Not Yet Sane"

SIR: . . . It seems to me that the League is so inextricably tied up with the provisions of the abominable Treaty of Versailles that it is chimerical to suppose that any amount of revision will make it acceptable to one with whom justice and equality among nations are uppermost . . . it attempts to legalize wrongs committed in the past and still being committed by a nation which aims for an European hegemony founded on force. . . . The world is not yet sane. It has not learned anything from past wars nor has it forgotten anything. D. L.

Brooklyn, New York.

Would a Monarchy Be Safer?

SIR: Being an engineer, I know too much about public ownership, and vote "no" on mines and railroads. A republic is not of necessity a democracy. It is apt—if successful—to become the apotheosis of mediocrity. Public ownership under a republican form of government is not feasible . . . let us get rid of business cycles before tackling public ownership and operation of mines and railways. E. McC.

Brooklyn, New York.

A Bouquet for La Follette

SIR: La Follette has perhaps at times been involved in political intrigue, though possibly unwilling, and to a lesser degree than almost any man is bound to be in the present state of affairs. His conduct on the whole appears to me to have been more courageous, more consistent and more thoroughgoing in fundamentals than that of any other man in sight. C. M.

Washington, D. C.

Crystallization Under Pressure

SIR: . . . I favor the idea of a third party . . . the personal ambitions of various labor groups, the dissensions among liberals and the many shades of opinion among the great mass of those opposed to present parties make unity of purpose almost impossible. I fear it will be a generation or two before oppression from above will bring the necessary and needed reaction from below. J. V. N.

New York City.

Tired of Politicians

SIR: . . . I would not like to see Ford President, but I believe the country would rejoice in a change from organization men and politicians. No one likely to be nominated by either of the old parties would be acceptable to me. M. H. L.

New York City.

Environment, Not Heredity

SIR: I do not regard the League Covenant as perfect by any means, but it is as good as we can get to start with. It cannot be born better; it will have to grow better. Any reservations the United States would demand would probably not make it one whit better. They would be demanded in the selfish interest of our country, and not with a view to the rights and welfare of other nations, especially the small ones. The rights and welfare of the five great powers are already too well provided for. W. F. R.

Grafton, West Virginia.

Something the N. R. Omitted

SIR: Why did you not feel out liberals as to their opinion on the prohibition question? I have a feeling that since prohibition was put over it has brought with it a spirit of prohibiting lots of other things, including free speech, dramas which Main Street does not relish, etc. I am wondering whether whiskey did as much harm as does the spirit of bigotry which liberals have allowed to spread like a black cloud over the nation, almost giving their silent consent to it. O. L.

St. Louis, Missouri.

We'll Have to Publish Another

SIR: I fail to see where the League of Nations is of such importance that it should be considered in your questionnaire. . . . How about prohibition? . . . Why not include the Ku Klux Klan questions? A liberal party that would successfully combat this organization would be well worth while. E. V. S.

Bloomfield, New Jersey.

In Stygian Gloom

SIR: . . . A new party could have no better slogan than "leave the individual in peace." There is too much government, too many laws, too many legislators. Over-centralization, over-organization, bureaucracy—these things are at the bottom of much of the world's agonies. Socialism of whatever variety you chose offers no solution. . . . L. B.

New York City.

McAdoo on the Democratic Ticket

SIR: The reason I do not favor a third party is that I think there is an excellent chance a man like McAdoo may capture the Democratic nomination. If he or any other liberal could get the nomination of that party it would be a waste to throw away the votes of the solid South by running on a third party ticket. . . .

Nashville, Tennessee. C. J. T.

The Futility of Political Socialism

SIR: . . . Whoever is elected President of the United States while the profit motive dominates industry will prove a failure and disappointment. . . . Debs is the only candidate who is not tinctured with hypocrisy. But the election of Debs would solve no problem except to prove the utter futility of political socialism. It would fail ignominiously. . . . We favor ownership of the mines and railroads, not by the government, but by the people who use them and their products. J. and A. W.

Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

Government Ownership but Private Operation

SIR: . . . I believe the government should own all natural resources such as coal, oil, water, power, timber, etc., but that actual operation should be vested in private corporations under government supervision of the strictest sort. I believe every packing house, grain elevator, cold storage plant and flour mill should be owned and managed in the same way. I do not believe any common carrier should be owned or operated by the state. R. B. V.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The American Skull and Cross Bones

SIR: I am much in favor of a world organization through which all international affairs can be talked over face to face. I see no object whatever in our going into such an organization so long as our participation would mean sending representatives to see that American financial pirates got a fair share of world exploitation. F. R. R.

Eden, New York.

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The New Spiritualism

Modern French Philosophy, by J. Alexander Gunn, with a foreword by Henri Bergson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $5.00.

PHILOSOPHY has many uses besides locating the Absolute. For minds that can stand such hardy exercise it may be a recreation. The story is told of General Smuts that when he was conducting his famous raid into Cape Colony, in the South African war, he used to pass many a quiet evening in his tent reading Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. No doubt the military value of the great Critique lay in its complete irrelevance to the tactics of veldt campaigning. And yet philosophy may at certain times bear quite directly upon the larger strategy. Bergson has as little to communicate upon the minor tactics of the raid into the Ruhr as Kant had for the raid into Cape Colony. Yet his metaphysics may be highly pertinent to an understanding of the state of mind which has made that expedition possible. In fact, it is.

For philosophy is not mere learning, nor the multiplication of discovered facts. The only discovery possible to metaphysics is that in metaphysics no discovery is possible —and that was made long ago. Philosophy is rather the elaboration of a substitute for knowledge of the deeper, inner things, it may be through a cumbersome dialectic, or it may be through a mystic intuition capped by a soul-illuminating phrase. In any case, a philosophy is the expression of the feeling of its generation for the deeper verities. Unlike science it is the creation not of individual experimenters but of whole peoples, who express by their acceptance or rejection of each seer's vision the degree of his fidelity to their spiritual needs. However potent a scientific discovery may be, it is after all but a matter of fact. A philosophy is the genius of a nation.

To the understanding of the genius of modern France the author of Modern French Philosophy has made a considerable, though in part unconscious, contribution. He has excluded from his notice all the thinkers whose interests have threatened to become scientific, the psychopathologists and the social philosophers of the Durkheim school, and has concentrated his attention upon metaphysics. He has therefore presented a harmonious picture of a perfectly definite frame of mind: that of violent revulsion against science and its whole inexorable logic of cause and effect. The phenomenon which he describes is what Parodi (in his much better book, La Philosophie Contemporaine en France) has called la grande pensée idéaliste française.

What is this "big idea"? It is at the same time sophisticated, simple and incomprehensible. There is no dearth of scientific knowledge among French philosophers. On the contrary they give the impression of having had too much. They suffer from scientific indigestion. Consequently their work has quite usually commenced with the most acute, erudite and painstaking exposure of all the difficulties, confusions and inconsistencies to which science has fallen heir, ending in abrupt disavowal. Science is full of confusion, as has been shown with the most sophisticated penetration. Therefore it is simply no good. And therefore further French thought has turned for ultimate satisfaction to an incomprehensible neo-spiritualism: to a mystic immanence, to idées-forces, to an élan de la vie.

Bergson's Creative Evolution, by chance the most widely known book by any living philosopher, is a sufficient illustration of this process. As all who have read it know, this book contains a most closely articulated criticism of modern evolutionary science and of the value of the intellect generally. Scientific terms are short-sighted misrepresentations of reality, says M. Bergson, useful enough no doubt within the sphere of mechanical efficiency, but quite inadequate for an understanding of the continuous flow and the inner urge of life. Very likely this is true. Certainly a scientist would be loath to claim any knowledge of mysterious, inner potencies. He would rather openly confess his limitations in some such terms as these: "The evidence shows clearly that the characters of animals and plants are inherited according to Mendel's law. The causes of the mutations that give rise to new characters we do not know, although we have no reason for supposing that they are due to other than natural processes." (T. H. Morgan, A Critique of the Theory of Evolution.) Yet in spite of our discontent with ignorance, such a disavowal of omniscience gives us a gratifying sense of the writer's honesty for which the expansive incomprehensibility of the metaphysician is no substitute.

Evolution has no mysteries beyond the reach of Bergson. With the élan vital one may fathom all things. "As the smallest grain of dust is bound up with our entire solar system, drawn along with it in that undivided movement of descent which is materiality itself, so all organized beings, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origins of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulsion, the inverse of the movement of matter, and in itself indivisible. All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes its stand on the plant, man bestrides animality, and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable obstacles, perhaps even death." Perhaps.

Whatever these words may convey to the faithful, their historical connotation is quite clear. The vocabulary is doubtfully modern; but the cadence is the reverberating resonance of the incantation. And to the unaffected the sense is simon pure animism. Bergson is not thinking of the unknown causes of mutation. The tremendous push and the overwhelming charge which he ventures to invoke are older and more familiar to a people bred in an ancient culture than the raw mechanical causation of modern science. Through all the centuries of human history they have been the stock in trade of priest and alchemist, yogi and bull-roarer. One is reminded of a caustic remark in a turgid footnote in the Instinct of Workmanship: "It would be a work of extreme difficulty to set up a consistently tenable distinction between M. Bergson's élan de la vie on the one hand, and the mana of the Melanesians on the other hand."

No doubt it would. Mankind is much nearer to the Melanesians than it thinks—much nearer to them, for instance, than to that régime of perfect mechanical efficiency of which Samuel Butler wrote. Mechanics and mechanical science have begun to color our thinking; but they have by no means completely driven out the hankering for magic, the disposition to stand by in Bergsonian awe while a creative mana does the work.

Nor is spiritual metaphysics the sole index of this hankering; there is spiritual economy as well. Observant publicists have argued recently that the French mind is possessed today by two ideas: the exaction of reparations

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and the permanent crippling of German industry, and that these two ideas are contradictory. So it may seem to economists trained to the observation of material cause and effect. Reparations are exports; exports are goods; goods are the product of industry; industry cannot both lie crippled and produce a surplus for export. But it is possible to regard these things as spiritual conceptions. Reparations are then the flow of wealth, the life-force of society, from one nation to another. Such a flow will be resisted by the defaulter; it must be exacted by pressure. This pressure is itself the expression of the élan vital of the victor nation. Determined pressure, the extraction of the uttermost mark, the collapse of the enemy—all fit together as the complementary elements of the national drama, a miracle play in which industrial efficiency simply has no speaking part.

Now there is no people that is without sin in this matter of transmuting sober fact into marvelous fiction; yet the truth remains that some of us are more pragmatic and some more Melanesian than the rest. Critics of the Americans have never urged that they are too conscious as a nation of their own remote historic past or that they live in a warm bath of accumulated cultural tradition, most of it mediaeval. Without forethought or effort on their part Americans are a cultureless community, in the sense that they have largely forgotten Europe. They are not bound to the chariot wheel of a remotely glorious past. Their manifest destiny is the industrial exploitation of a virgin continent. And this strictly modern destiny, opened up and brought about by the mechanical discoveries of the last hundred years or so, has entered into their very souls.

It is a far cry from St. Thomas Aquinas to Edison and Henry Ford. Americans are pragmatists almost by instinct partly because the force of their cultural past has been broken by migration, and partly because they have seized upon the mechanical arts which happened along as a coincidence with the migration and have built their society upon them. For pragmatism is the philosophy of science, the state of mind of industrial society.

And all this illuminates the state of mind of France by opposites. France has made great contributions to science, which have had more effect upon Americans than upon Frenchmen; and she has developed great industries, without essentially dislocating the peasant-agricultural foundation of her economy. She is a modern nation; yet an older France is running in her veins. Today one may see in the depots of Paris freight cars unloading into ox-carts, the visible presence of the old régime. Invisible, yet far more significant of the ties that bind France to the past, an extremely powerful party is bending every effort to restore the nation to some rightful sovereign and to the arms of the Holy Roman Church. In sum, here is a a people upon whom the hold of ancient ways is strong far beyond the power of any pragmatic Westerners to realize.

Modern philosophy began, in France, with the struggle of Descartes the Jesuit-instructed Catholic with Descartes the mathematician. Mr. Gunn's book shows not only that that struggle is still going on but that in the present generation St. Thomas is prevailing over science. And as for M. Parodi—he cannot comprehend the prevalence in America of a pragmatic logic which makes so poor a basis for a transcendental faith. What can be the point to a philosophy which does not transport its followers to an inspired super-knowledge of the incomprehensible! The object of a proper metaphysics is to circumvent intelligence!

In short, la grande pensée idéaliste française is a surcease from things modern and a grateful resumption of certain older ways. Its spiritualism is not merely remote from modern thought; it is remote in a particular direction —the direction in which one also sees in the dim distance the politics of feudal sovereignty and the economy of tribute and ruination. The new spiritualism is the realism of long ago. The metaphysics of la grande pensée stands, like a mile post upon the boulevards of France, bearing an arrow pointing backward, and the direction:

Le Moyen Âge
10 siècles.

C. E. Ayres.

Selma Lagerlöf Starts at the Beginning

Mærbacka, by Selma Lagerlöf. Stockholm: Albert Bonnier.

IT almost gives one a shock to find Selma Lagerlöf writing her memoirs. She has been doing nothing else ever since she first began to write, it would seem. What is Gösta Berling's Saga, her first and in some respect still greatest work, but a sheaf of gossipy tales overheard by a physically handicapped but mentally precocious little girl, and then retold in the very manner in which she had so often heard old crones narrate the myths and legends springing from and dwelling on the lips of the peasant stock of Sweden?

And the long line of books that has followed that first one —Invisible Links, The Miracles of Antichrist, Jerusalem, Christ Legends, Nils Holgerson, The Girl from the Marshcroft, and so on—what are they but so many more reminiscences of things that have constituted the real life of the same little girl, though of these things she has tasted little or nothing at first hand? It has made no difference whether she was dealing with life in early nineteenth century Wermland, or in Palestine at the time of Christ, or in present-day Dalecarlia. In each and every case this life has become a substitute for her own to such an extent that she could hardly tell where one ended and the other began, and so she went on telling of myths and legends and wayside tales and village gossip as if it had been part not only of her memory but of her experience, with the quietly ecstatic savoring of one tasting once more a dish in which seems embodied all of childhood's joys and sorrows.

And in doing this, she has invariably managed to keep the commonplace actualities of her own existence so outside that with the reader remained an impression of blank pages on which every one had been writing but the owner herself. Thus Selma Lagerlöf has given her memoirs in many precious volumes without ever introducing what might be called the accidentals of her existence. It is in this way we have been accustomed to think of her, as strangely impersonal, yet touchingly and convincingly personal.

But now there is a difference. Here comes from Sweden a volume named Marbacka after the little Wermland manor where Dr. Lagerlöf spent her earliest days, and the moment you open it, you discover that it tells the story of a little girl named Selma, whose father was Lieutenant Lagerlöf. The Selma who has reached the middle sixties

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and become a Nobel Prize winner as well as a member of the Swedish Academy—where before her no woman had ever held a seat—is at last talking openly and with every possible explicitness of detail about her own long buried childhood self. Until now we had only heard about the world in which that little girl used to live. Now we are to hear just how she lived there.

For a brief while, at the very start of her new book, our author strives to be true to this promise. But soon she begins to look to right and left, to hear voices and see visions, to stray into strange and mythical realms peopled by every kind of beings except little girls—once more she is back in her old game, writing memoirs of things lived. It would be a little pathetic, if the manner were not so charming. One cannot help going along with open eyes and ears, though instinctively turning regretful thoughts to the little girl whose figure fades more and more into the blue and silvery mist of old Wermland legends.

In the end, however, the book becomes a story about one evidently very near and dear to the little girl—her father, who is consistently referred to as "Lieutenant Lagerlöf"—a strangely distant figure, and yet one of the most intimately drawn in recent literature. It is that figure, and the love that has worked out its minutiae into a picture of wistfully wilful grace, that dominates every page and makes it worth reading. In the end one thing remains plain, though never expressed in so many words, namely that, when, as described in a brief epilogue, Selma Lagerlöf recently visited a grave at the parish church near Marbacka, she stood at the grave of her greatest, and perhaps her only, love.

Through that love she has become what she is today, and it is that love which illumines the pages of her many reminiscent books, no matter whither her fancy may stray for external clothing. And it is from that beloved father, now brought to life once more in the pages of Marbacka that Selma gets the quaintly naïve sense of humor that has made her tread with fearless and steady steps through matters that to others might have become fatal or forbidding—always sympathetic, always understanding, always smiling gently both at what she hears and sees, and at the judgments passed on it by ordinary people with no such background of all-dominating love.

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN.

From Maurice to Felix Adler

Three Types of Practical Ethical Movements of the Past Half Century, by Leo Jacobs. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

I WONDER how many people nowadays read Frederick Denison Maurice. Not very many, I fear. And yet I wonder too, how many of our contemporary prophets will seem to our children's children, half a century hence, to be as good reading as he. Mr. Jacobs does not agree with Maurice, but he has read him, and read him with sympathetic understanding, and he is generous in his recognition of the part he played in the intellectual history of the nineteenth century. Wasn't it Mr. Gladstone who once spoke of him as "a spiritual splendor"?

Mr. Jacobs himself is an adherent of the Ethical Movement founded by Dr. Felix Adler, and his book is essentially a defence of that movement; yet it would be quite unfair to look upon the little work as being merely propagandist in character. It is rather a fair and dispassionate comparative study of three related movements by one who is too sincere to hide his own very earnest adherence to one of them. The three movements in question are those associated with the names of Maurice and Kingsley—here denominated the Religious Ethical Movement; of Ruskin, Arnold Toynbee, Jane Addams, etc.—the Social Ethical Movement; and of Felix Adler—which Mr. Jacobs calls the Pure Ethical Movement.

It was the passionate conviction of Maurice, as of so many great social leaders from Plato and Aristotle downwards, that no social movement had any future before it which cut itself adrift from religion. It is here that Mr. Jacobs, and the movement he represents, join issue. They believe that ethical idealism requires no religious support and carries with it no religious corollary. Yet it is a hard saying, as Kant—to whom Mr. Jacobs makes appeal—was above all concerned to make clear, that our judgements of moral value carry with them no implication about the ultimate meaning of things. And we turn with eager interest to Mr. Jacobs's sections on the Philosophical Implications and The Attitude Towards Reality of the Pure Ethical Movement. But only, I am afraid, to be disappointed. We hear much of the implications and the attitude which Mr. Jacobs rejects, but I have found it difficult to form any clear idea of the view he tries to defend. How Mr. Jacobs differentiates his own creed from the Social Ethical Movement, I shall leave the reader to discover for himself. Is the distinction quite so sharp as Mr. Jacobs makes it? The ideal of the one, we are told, is in the present; that of the other is the future. That, to me, is another hard saying.

Yet we are grateful for the book. It is a well-conceived essay, thoroughly informative, attractively written and inspired with a very sincere zeal for the betterment of the race.

JOHN BAILLIE.

Homer in English Hexameters

The Wrath of Achilleus, translated from the Iliad, by George Ernle. New York: The Oxford University Press. $3.35.

THIS is a translation of certain of the episodes of the Iliad—the bursting out of Achilleus's anger, his nursing of it, his angry withdrawal, the grief that it brings upon him and the acceptance of the doom that is bound up with his revenge. It makes as much of the Iliad as can be read at a sitting.

The scholar who translates these episodes makes a contribution to English metrics. The translation is in hexameters—not the monotonous hexameters of Longfellow and Clough, but hexameters that have variety of stress. Longfellow and Clough attempted to make the natural rhythm of the verse—the rhythm it would fall into if we were speaking it naturally—identical with the scansion rhythm—the rhythm we would give it if we attempted to put the six stresses on their proper syllables. We do not attempt to do this with blank verse, and for that reason our blank verse when well-written is free of deadly monotony. Mr. Ernle writes his hexameters as he would write blank verse, using the scansion-rhythm as a trellis (this is his own metaphor) which the vine of the language sometimes follows, sometimes strays from. He is successful in

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his versification; these colloquial hexamaters of his give speed to the swiftly moving story.

Nor are the quantitive hexameters that Mr. Ernle uses in his versification remote from the rhythms of folk-speech. As I read lines in The Wrath of Achilleus I am reminded of lines in the colloquial Abbey Theatre plays. For example this line out of Lady Gregory's comedy, Hanrahan's Oath, is in the measure of Mr. Ernle's lines:

> You did not know he was taken and charged and brought to Tuam Assizes.

And here is another line from the same comedy that has something of the same form:

> They would have no proof against him. It was a dark cloudy night.

The question as to whether the episodes selected formed the original Homeric poem is not discussed in the introduction to this translation which presents in a noble fashion the most heroic of poems. PADRAIC COLUM.

Lectures by "Q"

Studies in Literature, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

"Q'S" admission in his preface that the word Studies may seem "an exorbitant one" for these familiar discourses cuts the ground from under the critic's feet. In atrabiliar moods I am sometimes inclined to put lecturers on literature into one of two categories: those who know that Gower's Speculum Meditantis was discovered a quarter of a century ago; and those who do not. The latter class is larger than casual readers might surmise; Sir Arthur belongs in it (see page 255). This ignorance is not insignificant in a professor who chooses Gower as the subject of a discourse however "familiar." Nor is a total indifference to the principles of Chaucerian pronunciation and prosody insignificant when the professor discourses thereon (see page 222).

But as a compensation for the want of exact scholarship in these lectures, Sir Arthur has certainly the gift of holding the attention of undergraduates, for even the dullest sophomore must have been held by these affable, ringing discourses that wander perpetually from the subject in hand to the question of compulsory Greek or of university politics or of war profiteers or of a possible "red" revolution. One is reminded of Crabbe Robinson's record of Coleridge's lectures—that he contrived to talk very entertainingly without saying much on the subject. It is indeed only with an effort that "Q" manages to force himself back from alluring tangents to the extreme circumference of the subject in hand. I had not read many pages when I made the marginal comment that there was more than a suggestion of Ruskin's manner, and I was not surprised later on to come upon what was an almost explicit acknowledgement of indebtedness to Ruskin, under whom "Q" sat in the lecture room at Oxford. The opening discourse on Byron, inaugurating a memorial lecturership at Nottingham, is more formal and in it "Q" shows himself curiously pompous and self-conscious. He is more at ease in Cambridge; and the lectures on Shelley and Milton and Chaucer are bright, amusing and individual in manner—and quite commonplace in matter. In a concluding lecture Sir Arthur undertakes to defend once more the now much-defended Victorians. S. C. C.

What Is Child Labor?

The Meaning of Child Labor, by Raymond G. Fuller. The National Social Science Series, Frank L. McVey, Editor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. $1.00.

"GRÜNDLICH" is a descriptive term which should be applied only to thorough and fundamental expositions. Mr. Fuller's work on child labor is too much of an abridgment, due presumably to the limitations of the series of which it is a part, to be thorough, but it is fundamental.

The Meaning of Child Labor utilizes as its point of departure the humanitarian, emotional attitude of the reform movement of two decades ago and proceeds to construct a scientific basis which is far more convincing. Poverty and dissatisfaction with school are presented as the two chief causes of child labor. But, Mr. Fuller is aware that poverty is itself a result of other maladjustments; he is also fully conscious of the fact that to say that a child is dissatisfied with school places no onus upon the child. In short, Mr. Fuller goes beyond the usual cause and effect arguments with all of their superficiality in his analysis of the various factors involved in child labor. He very sensibly distinguishes between children's work and child labor, and when he states "not an unoccupied childhood, but a well-occupied childhood, is the aim of child-labor reform" he opens the door for a constructive rather than a merely negative program.

The discussion of child labor is peculiarly timely, for there are still well over a million children between the ages of ten and fifteen years who are gainfully employed, one sixth of all children between six and seventeen years of age are not enrolled in any school, six percent of the total population above ten years is illiterate.

Congress recently had before it an amendment to the Constitution which might have gone far toward making the inalienable rights of childhood a national concern. A considerable improvement of the public opinion needed to secure such an amendment will be necessary before a similar bill is again placed before Congress. In the meantime, Mr. Fuller's book will materially assist in changing our professed and sentimental interest in children into a real interest in the child. E. C. LINDEMAN.

Contributors

ARTHUR FISHER was one of the organizers of the Non-partisan League in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and has also been manager and editor of a group of farmer-labor newspapers in Montana. He is a graduate of Harvard Law School, and has been professor of law at the University of Montana.

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C. E. AYRES was associate professor of philosophy at Amherst during the administration of President Meiklejohn.

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN, a native of Stockholm, has published two novels, The Soul of a Child and Gates of Life.

JOHN BAILLIE has been professor of Christian Theology at Auburn Theological Seminary since 1919.

PADRAIC COLUM, Irish poet, author and reviewer, wrote Children of Odin, The Children's Homer, etc.

E. C. LINDEMAN was formerly a teacher of sociology and is the author of The Community, etc.

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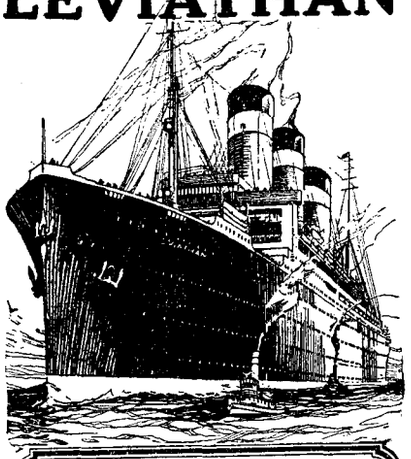

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